

SONGS OF GRACE,

FOR

Revival Meetings

Camp-meetings, Prayer-meetings, Praise-
meetings, Missionary-meetings, Etc.

BY

E. S. LORENZ AND I. BALTZELL.

DAYTON, OHIO :

ited Brethren Publishing House,

1879.

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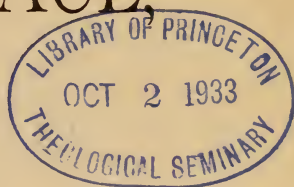
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J. C. Rankin



SONGS OF GRACE,

FOR




Revival Meetings, Prayer - Meetings,

Camp-Meetings, Praise-Meetings, Missionary-
Meetings, Etc.

FOR

SANCTUARY AND HOME,

—BY—

✓✓ Rev. E. S. LORENZ  Rev. I. BALTZELL, ✓

Authors of Heavenly Carols, Golden Songs, Etc.



DAYTON, OHIO:
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1879.

PREFACE.



"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

"Grow in grace."

"The exceeding riches of his grace."

"Be established with grace."

"By grace are ye saved through faith."

The generous reception accorded our "Heavenly Carols" has led us to believe that we could satisfy the call that comes from every part of the Church for a smaller, cheaper, and more convenient book than "Hymns for the Sanctuary," that should contain all the popular standard hymns and tunes, revival songs and choruses, and others used in social meetings. We have very earnestly endeavored to meet this want, and send out this little book praying that it may cause many to "grow in grace."

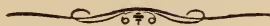
We are under special obligations to Philip Phillips, W. H. Doane, T. C. O'Kane, Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., and others for the use of their music.

*"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear."*

"May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

E. S. LORENZ,
ISAIAH BALTZELL.

SONGS OF GRACE.



No. 1. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

"Come before his presence with singing."—PSA. c : 2.

REV. WM. KETHE, 1561.

G. FRANC, 1545.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;

Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore him and re-joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-
For it is seemly so to do. [ways

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. KEN. 1697.

No. 2.

WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2:5.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder - ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;

The soul, de - liv - ered of its load In sweet - est rap - ture sings.
The power of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns supreme with - in.

Chorus.

'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!... .. Won - der - ful, won - der - ful
'Tis won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace!

grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!.....
won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace! 'Tis won - der - ful grace!

Flowing still freely for me.

3.

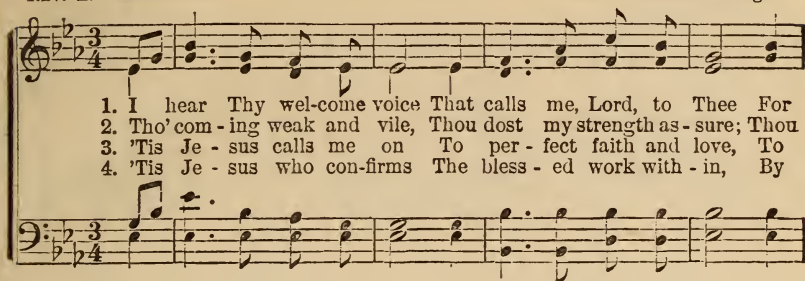
'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful grace!
Its streams are full and free;
Are flowing now for all the race;
They even flow to me.

No. 3. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

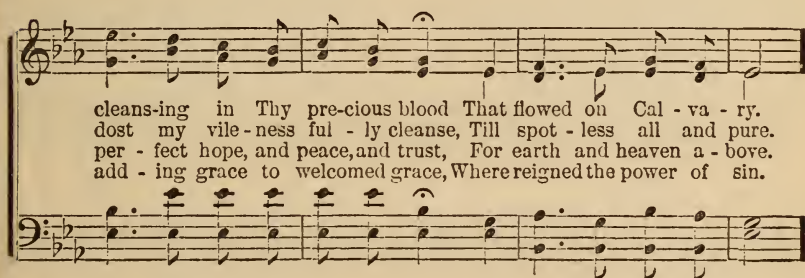
"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. 11: 28.*

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Hallowed Songs."

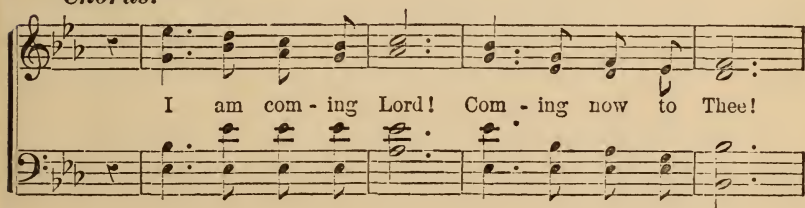


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
 3. 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To
 4. 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By

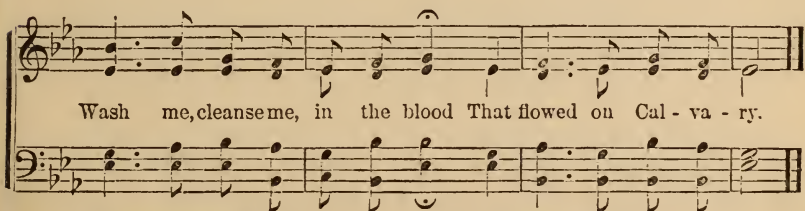


cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven a - bove.
 add - ing grace to wel-come grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

Chorus.



I am com-ing Lord! Com-ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

5 And He the witness gives
 To loyal hearts and free,
 That every promise is fulfilled,
 If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
 All hail, redeeming grace!
 All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
 Our Strength and Righteousness!

By permission.

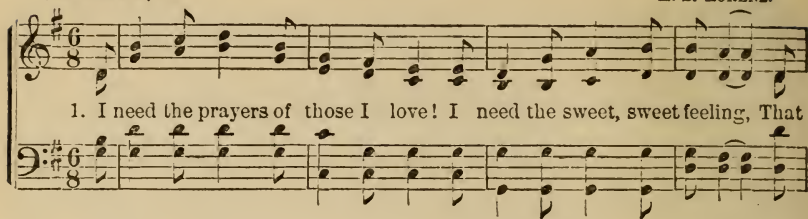
I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

No. 4.

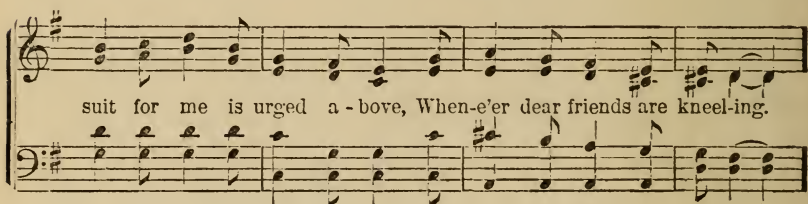
"Prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."—Acts 12 : 5.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.


E. S. LORENZ.



1. I need the prayers of those I love! I need the sweet, sweet feeling, That

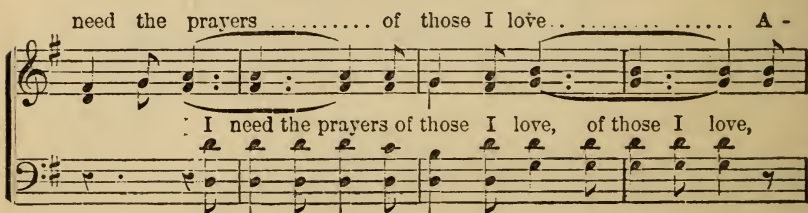


suit for me is urged a - bove, When-e'er dear friends are kneel-ing.



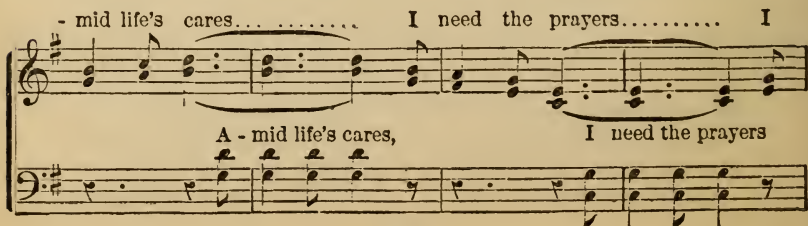
A - mid life's cares..... I need the prayers..... I

A - mid life's cares I need the prayers,



need the prayers of those I love.. A -

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,

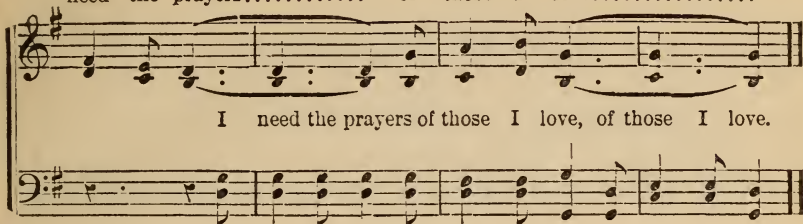


- mid life's cares..... I need the prayers..... I

A - mid life's cares, I need the prayers

I NEED THE PRAYERS.—Concluded.

need the prayers..... of those I love.....



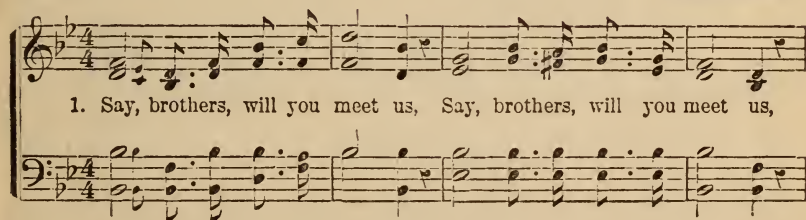
2 Of those I love the prayers I need !
 They know my wants and ailings ;
 They know the way to intercede
 For all my faults and failings.
 On bended knee,
 Remember me,
 Of those I love the prayers I need.

3 Of those I love, I need the prayers !
 Whene'er God's throne addressing :
 'Twill keep my feet from sins and snares,
 'Twill break in show'rs of blessing,
 Who love me yet,
 O ne'er forget ;
 Of those I love, I need the prayers !

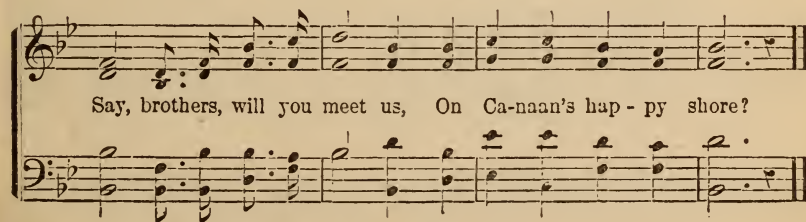
No. 5. WILL YOU MEET US ?

ANON.

Slave Melody.



1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you meet us,



Say, brothers, will you meet us, On Canaan's hap - py shore?

2 Say, sisters, will you meet us
 On Canaan's happy shore ?
 3 By the grace of God I'll meet you
 On Canaan's happy shore.

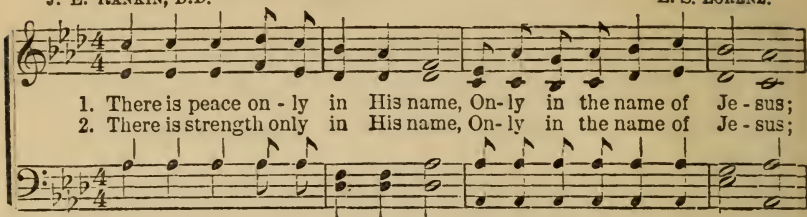
4 That will be a happy meeting
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 5 Jesus lives and reigns forever
 On Canaan's happy shore.

No. 6. ONLY IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

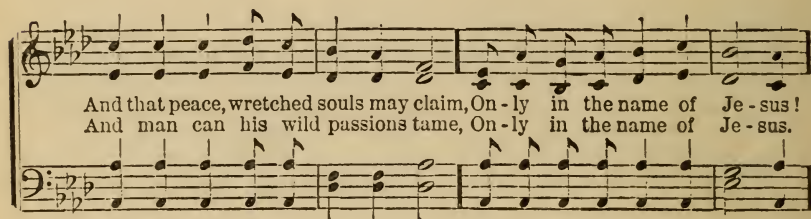
"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—JNO. 14: 14.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

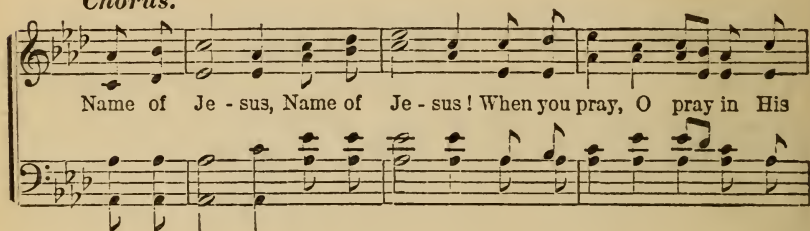


1. There is peace on - ly in His name, On - ly in the name of Je - sus;
2. There is strength only in His name, On - ly in the name of Je - sus;

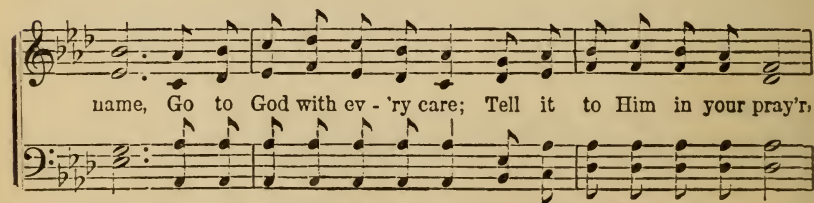


And that peace, wretched souls may claim, On - ly in the name of Je - sus!
And man can his wild passions tame, On - ly in the name of Je - sus.

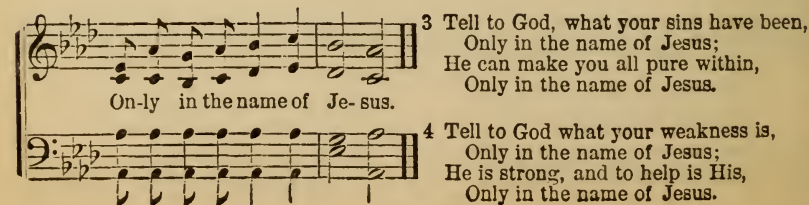
Chorus.



Name of Je - sus, Name of Je - sus! When you pray, O pray in His



name, Go to God with ev - 'ry care; Tell it to Him in your pray'r.



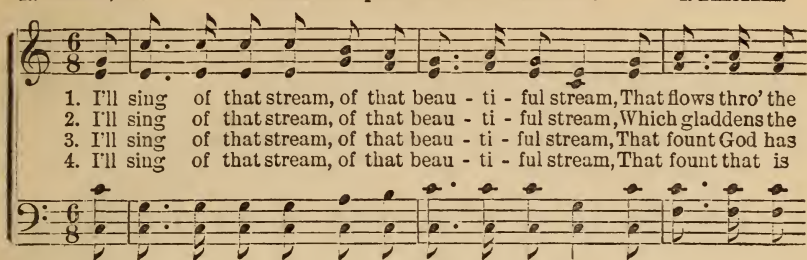
3 Tell to God, what your sins have been,
Only in the name of Jesus;
He can make you all pure within,
Only in the name of Jesus.
4 Tell to God what your weakness is,
Only in the name of Jesus;
He is strong, and to help is His,
Only in the name of Jesus.

No. 7. GO, WASH IN THE STREAM.

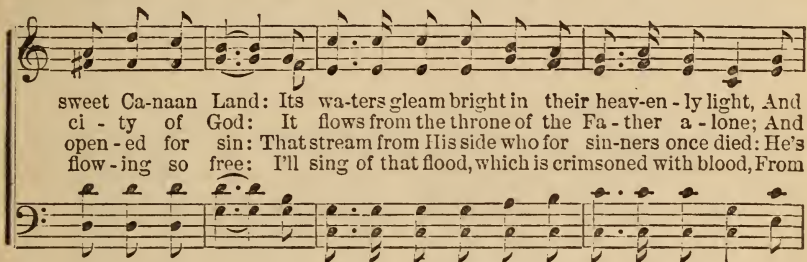
R. TOBREY, JR.

"A fountain is opened for sin."—ZECH. 16: 1.

I. BALTZELL.

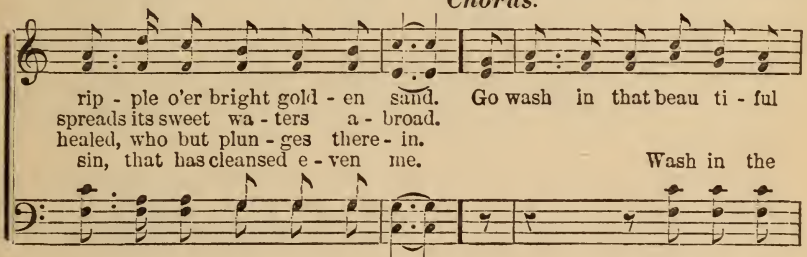


1. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That flows thro' the
 2. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, Which gladdens the
 3. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That fount God has
 4. I'll sing of that stream, of that beau - ti - ful stream, That fount that is

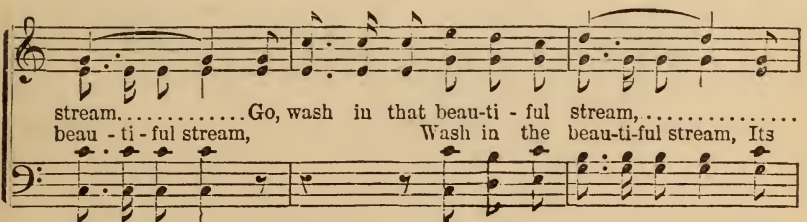


sweet Ca-naan Land: Its wa-ters gleam bright in their heav-en - ly light, And
 ci - ty of God: It flows from the throne of the Fa - ther a - lone; And
 open - ed for sin: That stream from His side who for sin - ners once died: He's
 flow - ing so free: I'll sing of that flood, which is crimsoned with blood, From

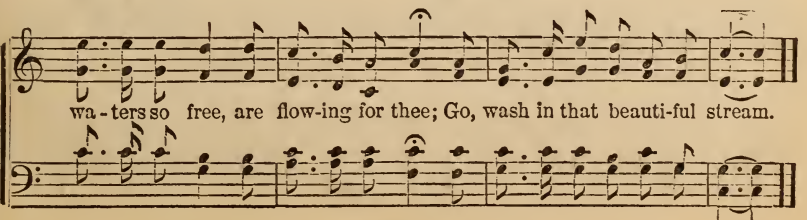
Chorus.



rip - ple o'er bright gold - en sand. Go wash in that beau ti - ful
 spreads its sweet wa - ters a - broad.
 healed, who but plun - ges there - in.
 sin, that has cleansed e - ven me. Wash in the



stream. Go, wash in that beau - ti - ful stream,
 beau - ti - ful stream, Wash in the beau - ti - ful stream, Its



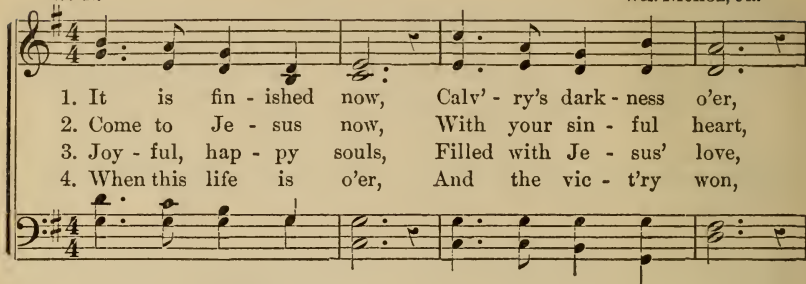
wa - ters so free, are flow - ing for thee; Go, wash in that beau - ti - ful stream.

No. 8. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

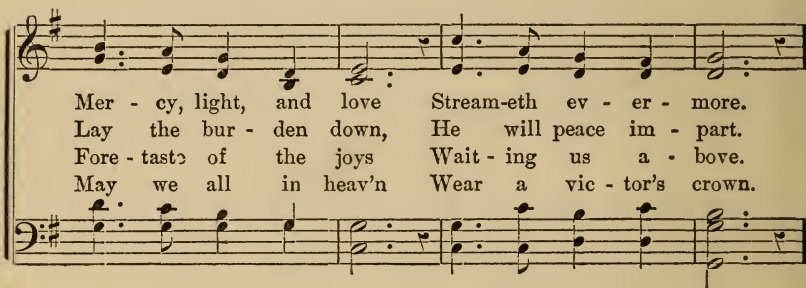
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. xi: 28.

W. N.

WM. NICHOL, JR.

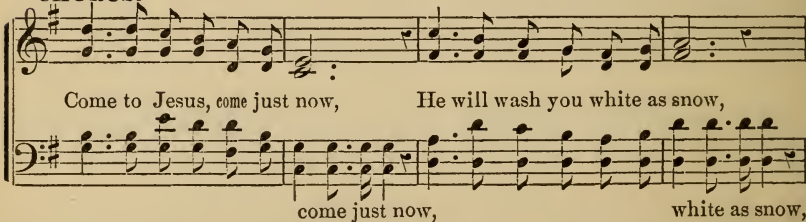


1. It is fin - ished now, Calv' - ry's dark - ness o'er,
 2. Come to Je - sus now, With your sin - ful heart,
 3. Joy - ful, hap - py souls, Filled with Je - sus' love,
 4. When this life is o'er, And the vic - t'ry won,

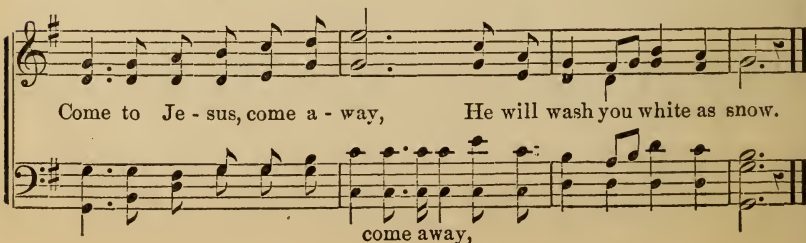


Mer - cy, light, and love Stream-eth ev - er - more.
 Lay the bur - den down, He will peace im - part.
 Fore - taste of the joys Wait - ing us a - bove.
 May we all in heav'n Wear a vic - tor's crown.

CHORUS.



Come to Jesus, come just now, He will wash you white as snow,
 come just now, white as snow,

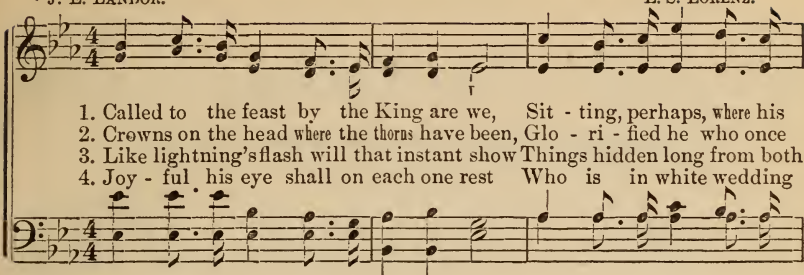


Come to Je - sus, come a - way, He will wash you white as snow.
 come away,

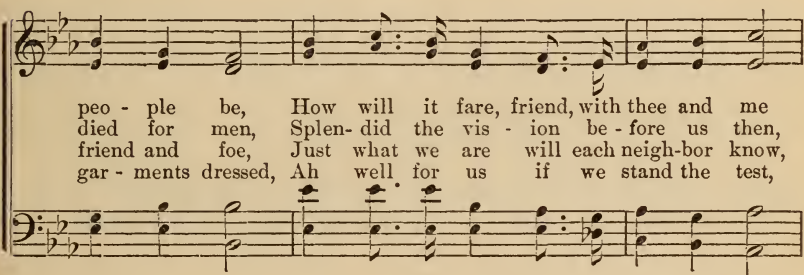
No. 9. ✱ WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

J. E. LANDOR.

E. S. LORENZ.

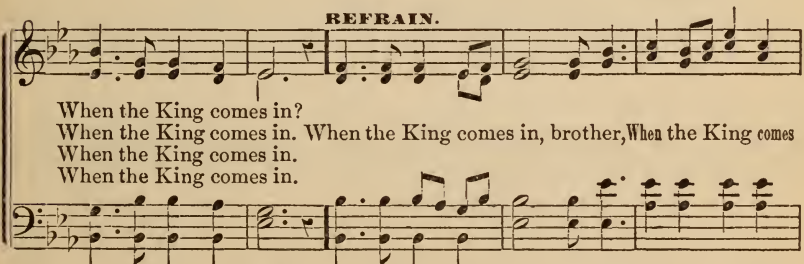


1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

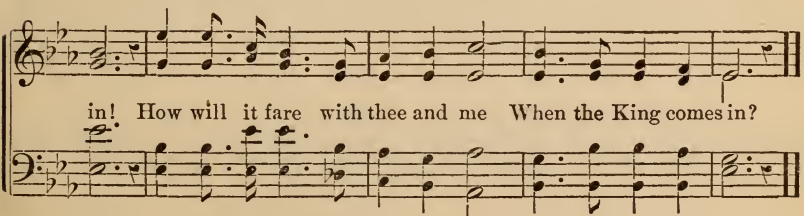


peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me
 died for men, Splen - did the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are will each neigh - bor know,
 gar - ments dressed, Ah well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.



When the King comes in?
 When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes
 When the King comes in.
 When the King comes in.



in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

5 Endless the separation then,
 Bitter the cry of deluded men,
 Awful that moment beyond all ken,
 When the King comes in.

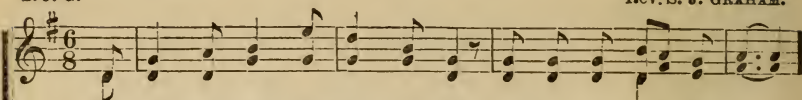
6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee,
 grace,
 So to await thee each in his place,
 That we may fear not to see thy face
 When thou comest in.

No. 10. GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

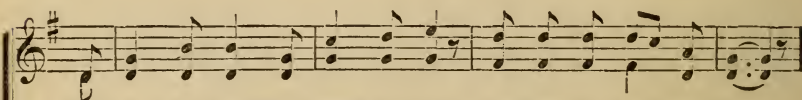
"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9 : 37.

S. J. G.

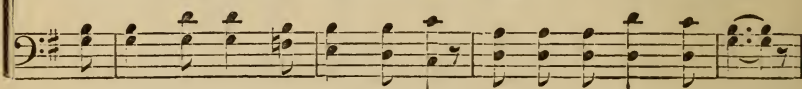
REV. S. J. GRAHAM.



1. Be-hold! with grain the fields are white, Gather the har-vest in;
2. All ye who love the Mas-ter's cause, Gather the har-vest in;



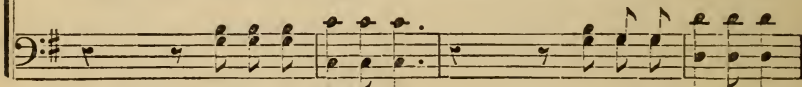
Now it is day, soon comes the night; Gather the har-vest in.
Seek not to win the world's applause, Gather the har-vest in.



Chorus.

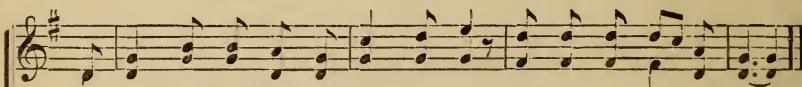


Gather the har-vest in..... Gather the har-vest in.....

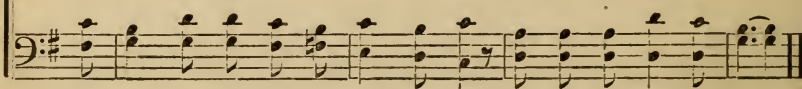


Gather the harvest in,

Gather the harvest in,



Be-hold! the fields are al-read-y white, Gather the harvest in.



3 Ye noble servants of the Lord,
Gather the harvest in;
And have your sheaves securely stored:
Gather the harvest in.—*Cho.*

4 Then, when God's work on earth is done,
The world redeemed from sin,
Ye all shall shine forth as the sun,
The harvest gathered in.—*Cho.*

No. 11.

LINGER NOT.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."—JOHN vi: 37.

I. BALTZELL.

1. 'Tis not the Savior makes de-lay, For, oh! how long he's wait-ed;
 2. How long will ye thus slight his love, And still earth's show pursuing—
 3. Come, then, while yet his Spir-it strives, And all your sins con-fess-ing;

And while you lin-ger day by day, His love has ne'er a - ba-ted.
 Re - gard - less of the things a - bove, Seem bent on your un - do - ing?
 Come, learn how free-ly Christ for-gives, Come, share sal-va-tion's blessing.

CHORUS.

"Turn ye, oh, turn ye," Oh! hear him re-peat-ing the cry:
 turn ye, poor sinner,

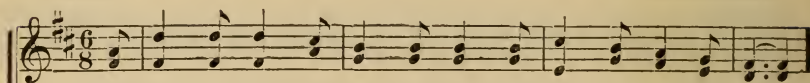
"Haste, sin - ner, haste, sin - ner, Oh, why will you die?"
 "Hast-en, oh, sin - ner, I'm wait-ing to save you,

No. 12. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

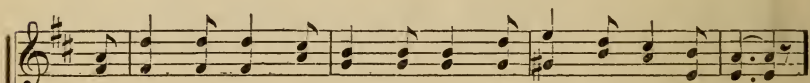

"There shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. xiii : 1.

COWPER.

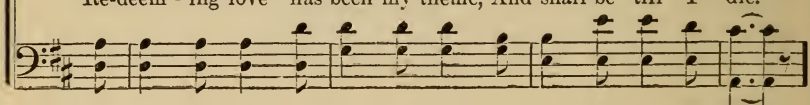
E. S. LORENZ.



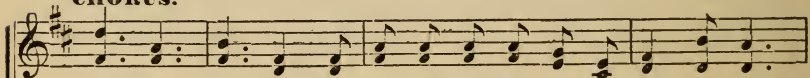
1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,



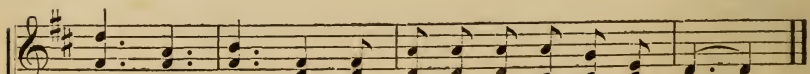

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.



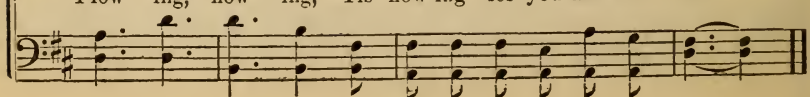
CHORUS.



Flow-ing, flow - ing, That fountain is flow-ing so full and free;



Flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flow-ing for you and for me.



No. 13. IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID.

"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."—MATT. xiv : 27.

I. BALTZELL.

A. S. KEIFFER.

1. When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell, And
 2. The . . . storm could not bur - y that word in the wave, 'Twas
 3. When the spir - it is brok - en with sor - row and care, And
 4. When . . . death is at hand, and the cot - tage of clay Is
 5. When the riv - er is pass'd, and the glo - ries unknown Burst

lift - ed its wa - ters on high, And the faithless dis - ci - ples were
 taught thro' the tempest to fly; It shall reach his dis - ci - ples in
 com - fort is read - y to die; Then the darkness shall pass, and the
 left with a trem - u - lous sigh; The . . . gra - cious Re - deem - er will
 forth on the won - der - ing eye, He will wel - come, en - cour - age and

D. S.—In the midst of the storm, In the

bound in the spell, Je - sus whispered, "Fear not, it is I."
 ev - er - y clime, Saying, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
 sun - shine ap - pear By the life - giv - ing word, "It is I."
 light all the way With the soul cheer - ing word, "It is I."
 com - fort his own, Saying, "Be not a - fraid, it is I."
midst of the gloom, Fear not, tremb - ling one, "It is I."

CHORUS.

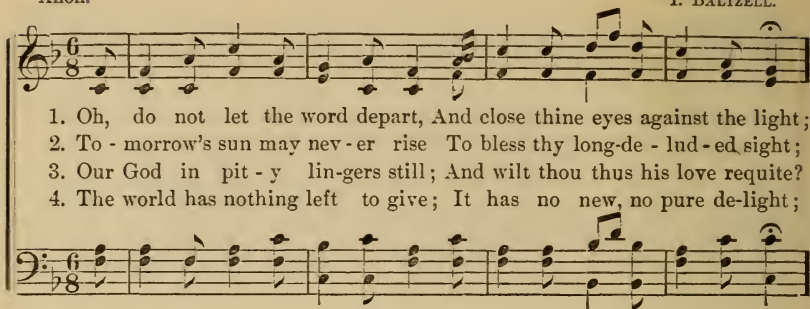
"It is I, . . . It is I," . . . Fear not, trembling one, "it is I."
 "It is I," "It is I," "It is I."

No. 14. WHY NOT BE SAVED TO-NIGHT?

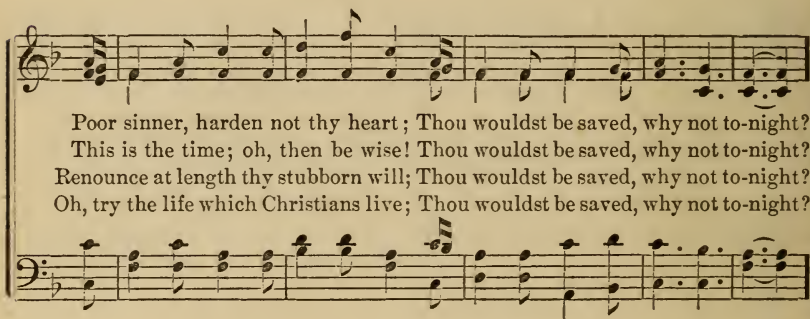
"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. iii : 15.

Anon.

I. BALTZELL.

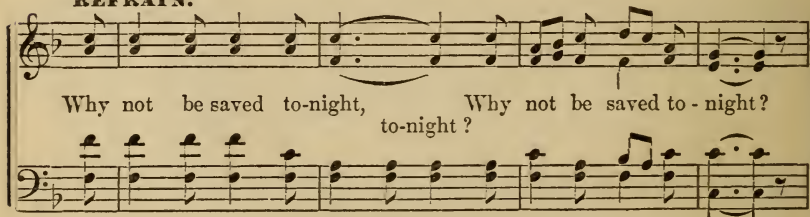


1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light ;
 2. To - morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long-de - lud-ed sight ;
 3. Our God in pit - y lin-gers still ; And wilt thou thus his love requite ?
 4. The world has nothing left to give ; It has no new, no pure de-light ;



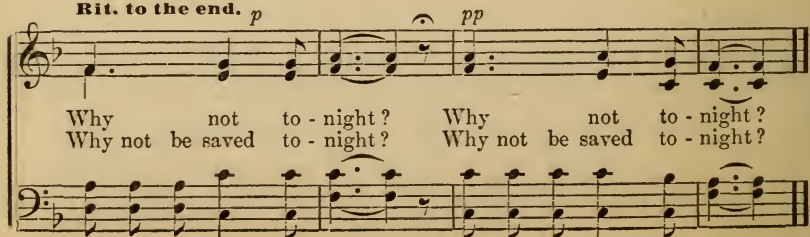
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart ; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?
 This is the time ; oh, then be wise ! Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?
 Renounce at length thy stubborn will ; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?
 Oh, try the life which Christians live ; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

REFRAIN.



Why not be saved to-night, Why not be saved to - night ?
 to-night ?

Rit. to the end. *p*



Why not to - night ? Why not to - night ?
 Why not be saved to - night ? Why not be saved to - night ?

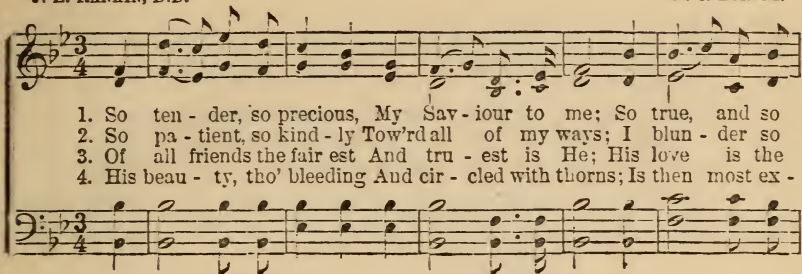
HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM.

No. 15.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 Jno. 4: 19.

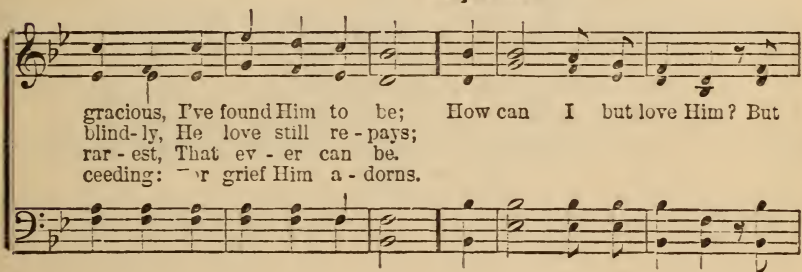
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

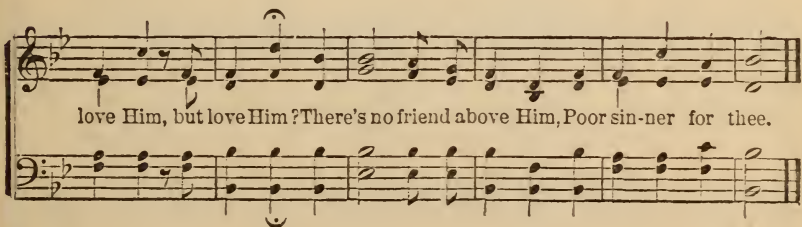


1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true, and so
 2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
 3. Of all friends the fair est And tru - est is He; His love is the
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns; Is then most ex -

Refrain. Arr.



gracious, I've found Him to be; How can I but love Him? But
 blind - ly, He love still re - pays;
 rar - est, That ev - er can be.
 ceeding: - or grief Him a - dorns.



love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, Poor sin - ner for thee.

No. 16.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone:
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

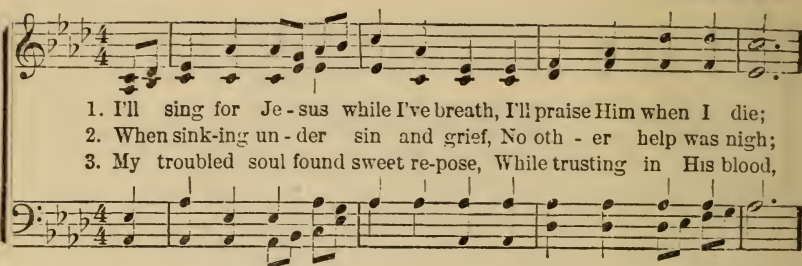
No. 17.

I'LL SING FOR JESUS.

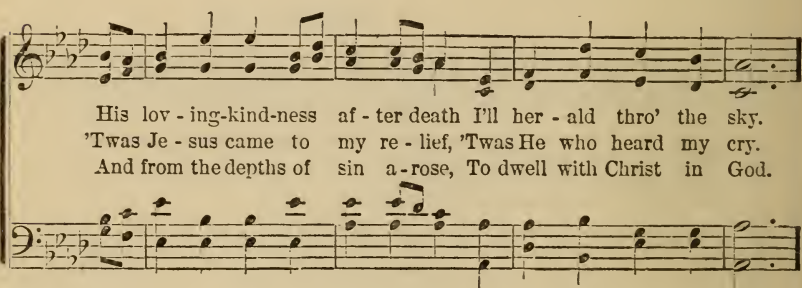
"— to whom be praise and dominion forever and ever."—1 PET. 4: 11.

Rev. T. C. READE.

J. H. ANDERSON.

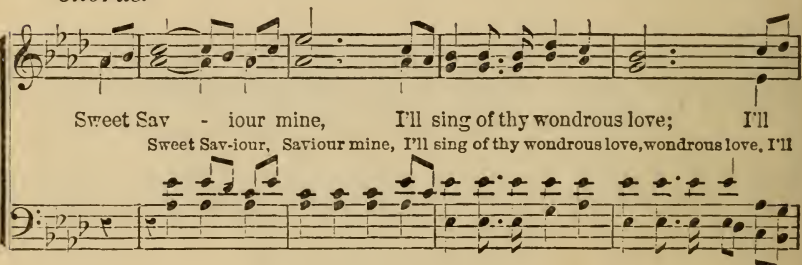


1. I'll sing for Je - sus while I've breath, I'll praise Him when I die;
 2. When sink - ing un - der sin and grief, No oth - er help was nigh;
 3. My troubled soul found sweet re - pose, While trusting in His blood,

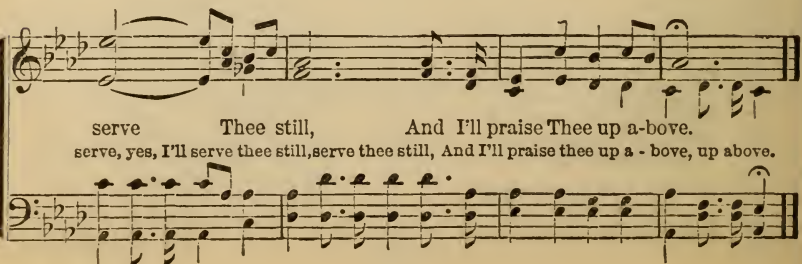


His lov - ing-kind-ness af - ter death I'll her - ald thro' the sky.
 'Twas Je - sus came to my re - lief, 'Twas He who heard my cry.
 And from the depths of sin a - rose, To dwell with Christ in God.

Chorus.



Sweet Sav - iour mine, I'll sing of thy wondrous love; I'll
 Sweet Sav-iour, Saviour mine, I'll sing of thy wondrous love, wondrous love, I'll

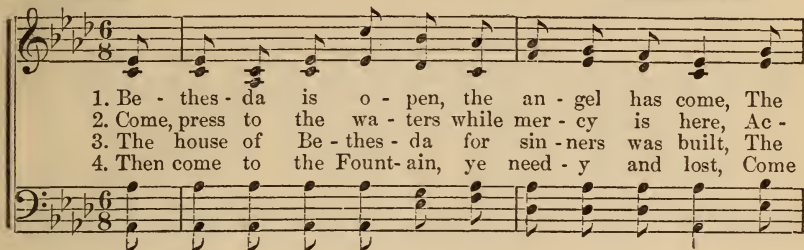


serve Thee still, And I'll praise Thee up a - bove.
 serve, yes, I'll serve thee still, serve thee still, And I'll praise thee up a - bove, up above.

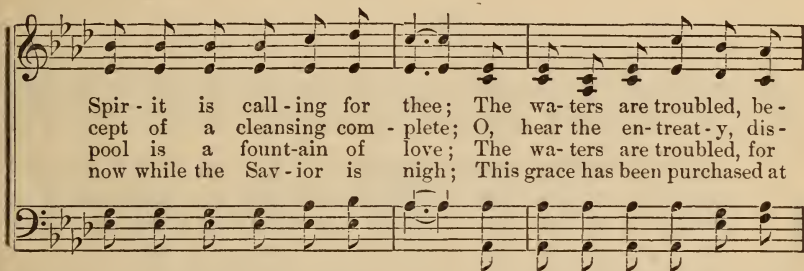
No. 18. BETHESDA IS OPEN FOR THEE.

"Wilt thou be made whole."—JOHN 7: 6

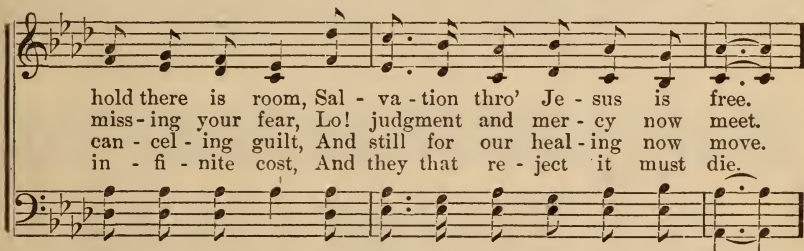
Written and dedicated to IRA D. SANKEY, by REV. F. DENISON. W. WARREN BENTLEY.



1. Be - thes - da is o - pen, the an - gel has come, The
 2. Come, press to the wa - ters while mer - cy is here, Ac -
 3. The house of Be - thes - da for sin - ners was built, The
 4. Then come to the Fount - ain, ye need - y and lost, Come

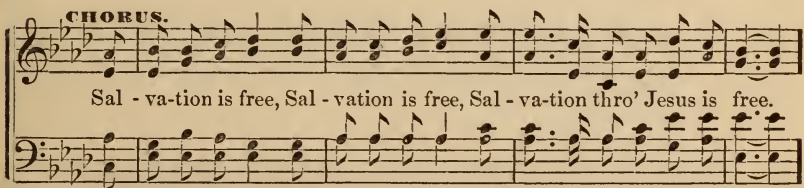


Spir - it is call - ing for thee; The wa - ters are troubled, be -
 cept of a cleansing com - plete; O, hear the en - treat - y, dis -
 pool is a fount - ain of love; The wa - ters are troubled, for
 now while the Sav - ior is nigh; This grace has been purchased at

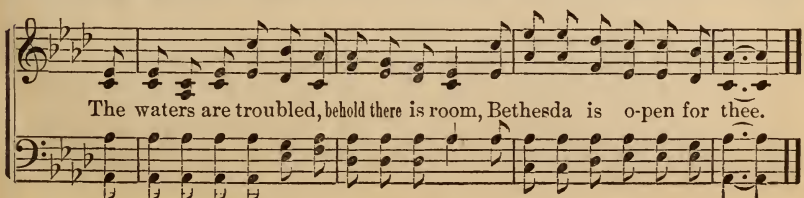


hold there is room, Sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus is free.
 miss - ing your fear, Lo! judgment and mer - cy now meet.
 can - cel - ing guilt, And still for our heal - ing now move.
 in - fi - nite cost, And they that re - ject it must die.

CHORUS.



Sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion is free, Sal - va - tion thro' Jesus is free.



The waters are troubled, behold there is room, Bethesda is o - pen for thee.

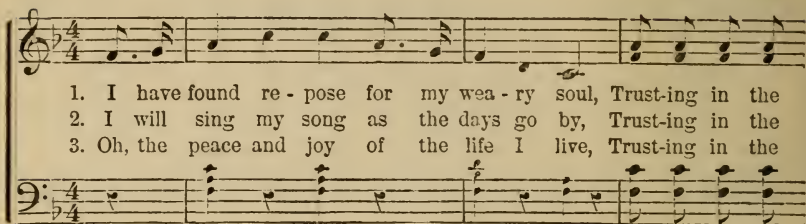
TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

No. 19.

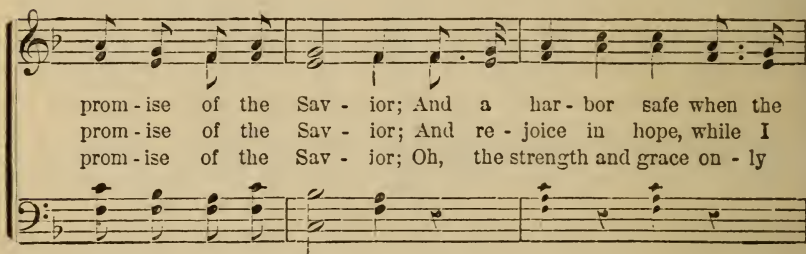
"He is faithful that promised."—HEB. 10 : 23.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

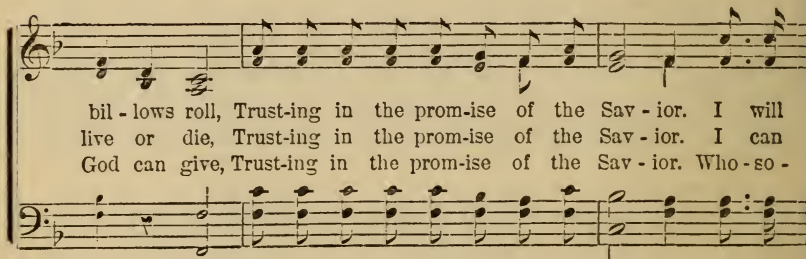
E. S. LORENZ.



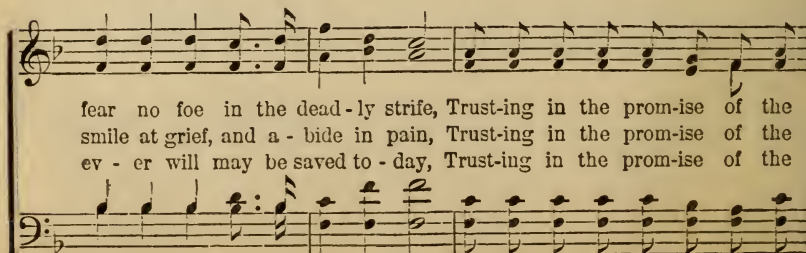
1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trust-ing in the
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trust-ing in the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trust-ing in the



prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And a har - bor safe when the
prom - ise of the Sav - ior; And re - joice in hope, while I
prom - ise of the Sav - ior; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly

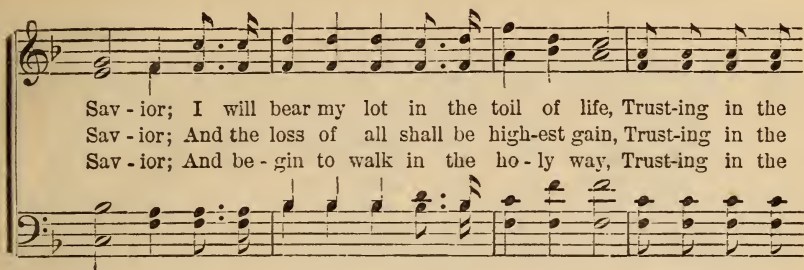


bil - lows roll, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. I will
live or die, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. I can
God can give, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior. Who - so -



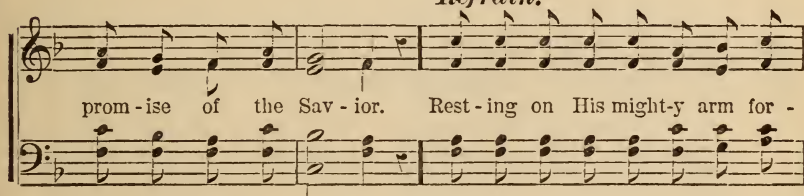
fear no foe in the dead - ly strife, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the
smile at grief, and a - bide in pain, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the
ev - er will may be saved to - day, Trust-ing in the prom - ise of the

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.—Concluded.

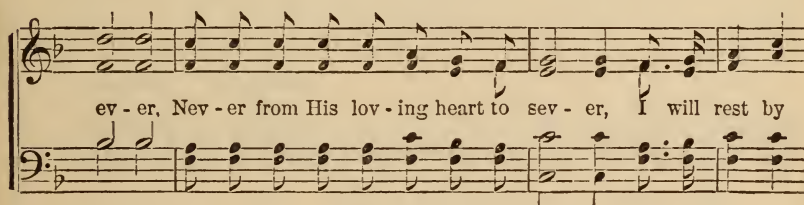


Sav - ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trust-ing in the
Sav - ior; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trust-ing in the
Sav - ior; And be-gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trust-ing in the

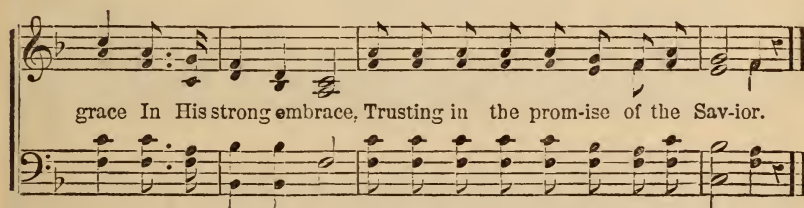
Refrain.



prom - ise of the Sav - ior. Rest - ing on His might-y arm for -



ev - er, Nev - er from His lov - ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by



grace In His strong embrace, Trusting in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior.

No. 20.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.


- 3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this.
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

No. 21. JESUS SPOKE PEACE TO MY SOUL.

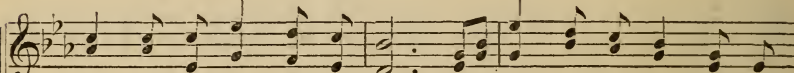
"Therefore did my heart rejoice, and my tongue was glad."—Acts ii: 26.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

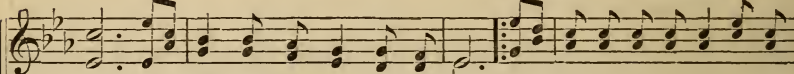


1. I'll sing of a theme most sub - lime, No
 2. My Sav - ior re - deemed me from sin, He
 3. Re - signed to his pleas - ure I'll live, Till

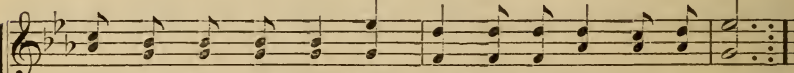


sor - row my song can con - trol; I'll sing of the rapt - ur - ous
 saves not in part but in whole; He writes his sal - va - tion with -
 time's lat - est cir - cle shall roll; His ut - most sal - va - tion re -

CHORUS. Arranged.



time, When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.
 in, For, oh, he spoke peace to my soul. O! happy, happy day, When my
 ceive, For, oh, he spoke peace to my soul.



sins were washed a - way, And Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

4 In heaven forever I'll feast
 On joys that enrapture the whole;
 All heaven will welcome the guest,
 Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

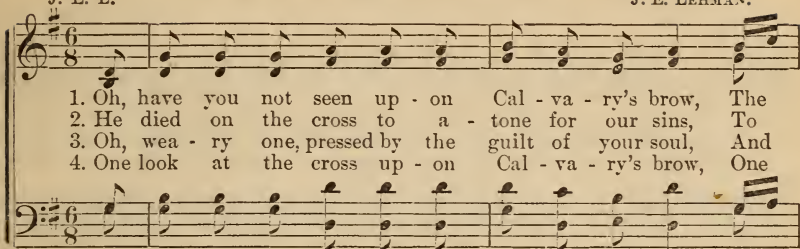
5 He bids me leave all for his sake,
 I'll run till I reach the blessed goal;
 Then me to his arms he will take,
 Oh, there he'll speak peace to my soul.

No. 23. LOOK AWAY TO THE CROSS.

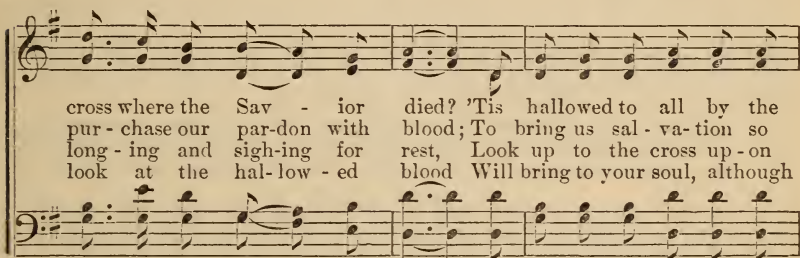
J. E. L.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—COL. i: 29.

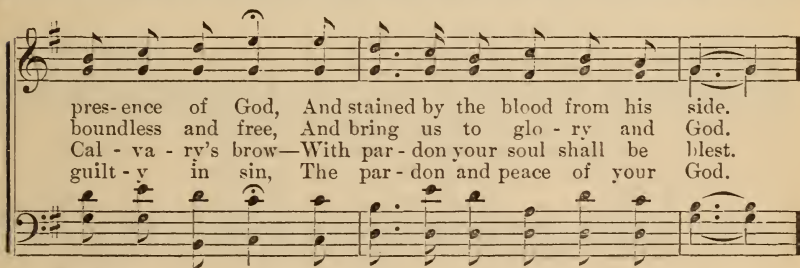
J. E. LEHMAN.



1. Oh, have you not seen up - on Cal - va - ry's brow, The
 2. He died on the cross to a - tone for our sins, To
 3. Oh, wea - ry the, pressed by the guilt of your soul, And
 4. One look at the cross up - on Cal - va - ry's brow, One

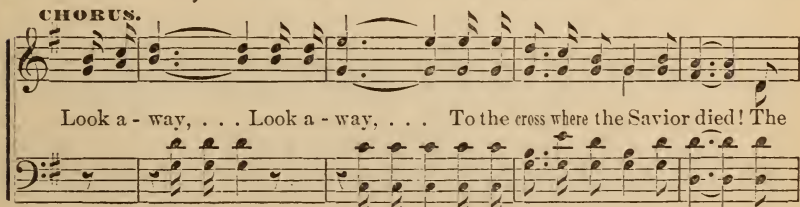


cross where the Sav - ior died? 'Tis hallowed to all by the
 pur - chase our par-don with blood; To bring us sal - va - tion so
 long - ing and sigh-ing for rest, Look up to the cross up - on
 look at the hal - low - ed blood Will bring to your soul, although



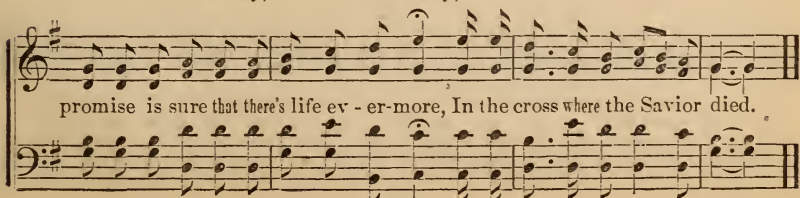
pres-ence of God, And stained by the blood from his side.
 boundless and free, And bring us to glo - ry and God.
 Cal - va - ry's brow—With par - don your soul shall be blest.
 guilt - y in sin, The par - don and peace of your God.

CHORUS.



Look a - way, . . . Look a - way, . . . To the cross where the Savior died! The

Look a-way, Look a-way,



promise is sure that there's life ev - er-more, In the cross where the Savior died.

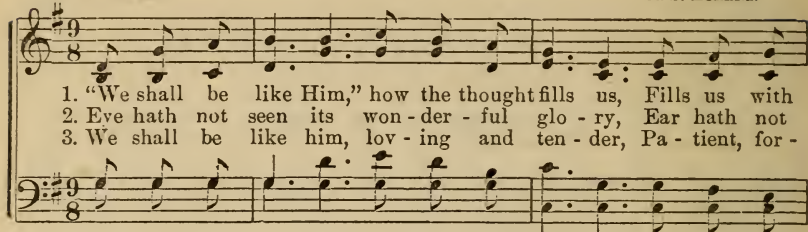
No. 22.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

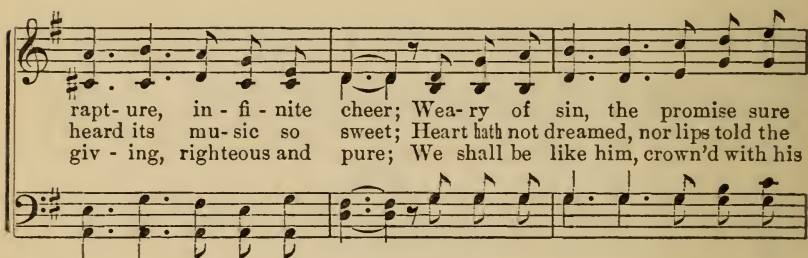
"But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him."—1 JOHN iii: 2.

H. F. JAMES.

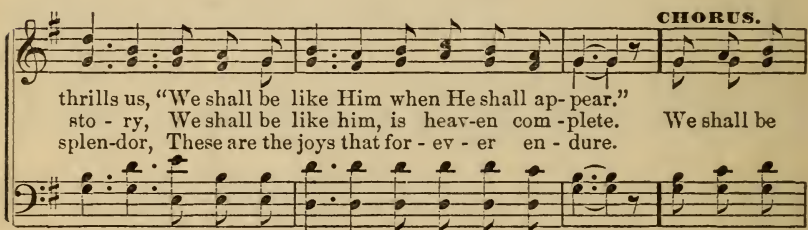
E. S. LORENZ.



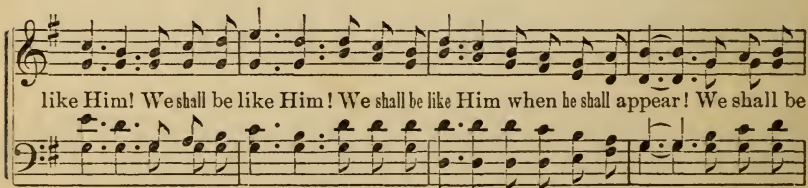
1. "We shall be like Him," how the thought fills us, Fills us with
 2. Eve hath not seen its won - der - ful glo - ry, Ear hath not
 3. We shall be like him, lov - ing and ten - der, Pa - tient, for -



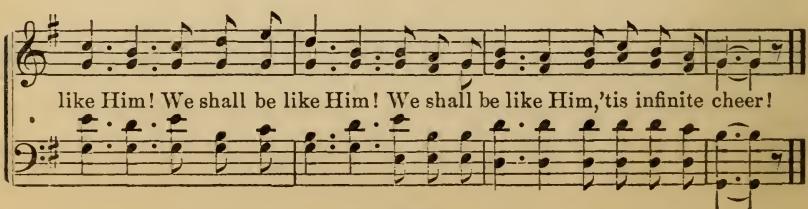
rapt - ure, in - fi - nite cheer; Wea - ry of sin, the promise sure
 heard its mu - sic so sweet; Heart hath not dreamed, nor lips told the
 giv - ing, righteous and pure; We shall be like him, crown'd with his



CHORUS.
 thrills us, "We shall be like Him when He shall ap - pear."
 sto - ry, We shall be like him, is heav - en com - plete. We shall be
 splen - dor, These are the joys that for - ev - er en - dure.



like Him! We shall be like Him! We shall be like Him when he shall appear! We shall be



like Him! We shall be like Him! We shall be like Him, 'tis infinite cheer!

No. 24.

PARDON FOR ALL.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi : 28.

Words adapted.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
 2. Then free grace a-woke me by light from on high; I cried, "Je-sus,
 3. My ter-rors all vanished before that sweet name; My guilt-y fears
 4. Dear Je - sus, dear Je - sus, my treasure and boast; Dear Je-sus, dear

dan - ger, and felt not my load; I flew to the cross when I heard Jesus
 save me, O save, or I die!" He heard my deep pleading, he answered my
 banished, with boldness I came To him who had saved from the curse of the
 Je - sus, I ne'er can be lost; This watchword shall be my last song when I

REFRAIN. ff
 call, "Come, poor, trembling sinner, there is pardon for all."
 call; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all. Pardon for all,
 fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.
 fall; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.

par - don for all; Bless the name of Je-sus, there is pardon for all.

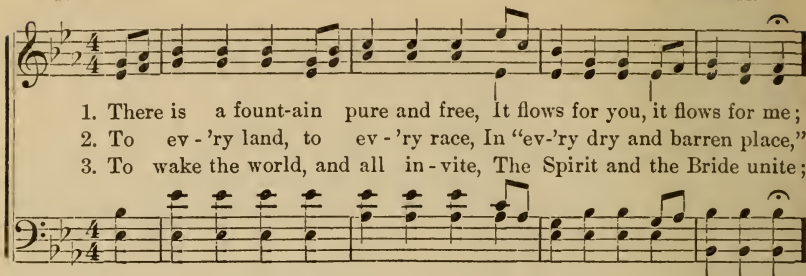
No. 25.

FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

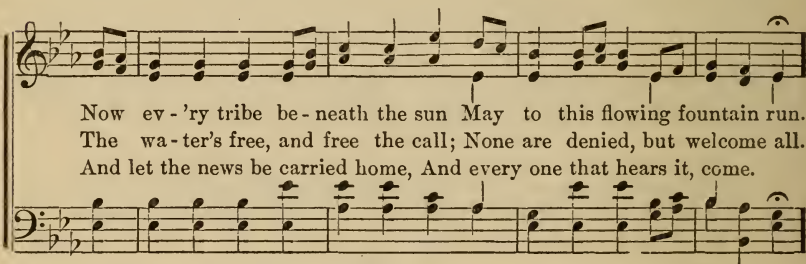
"In that day there shall be a fountain opened."—ZECH. xiii : 1.

F. E. PITTS.

I. BALTZELL.

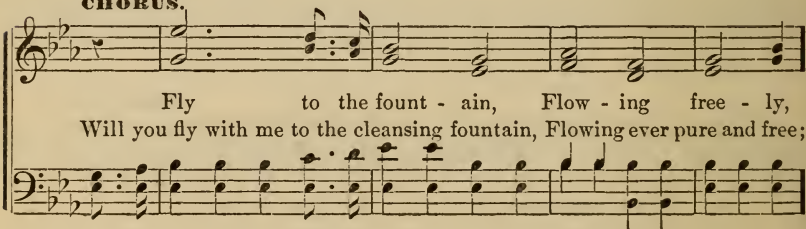


1. There is a fount-ain pure and free, It flows for you, it flows for me;
 2. To ev-'ry land, to ev-'ry race, In "ev-'ry dry and barren place,"
 3. To wake the world, and all in-vite, The Spirit and the Bride unite;

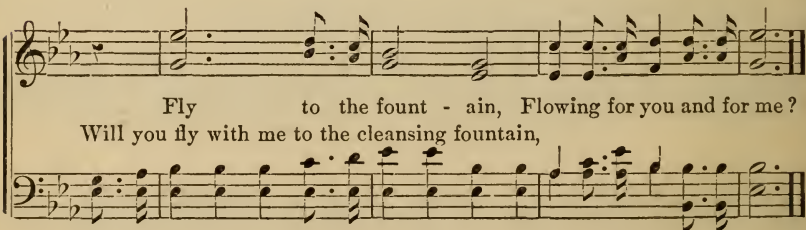


Now ev-'ry tribe be-neath the sun May to this flowing fountain run.
 The wa-ter's free, and free the call; None are denied, but welcome all.
 And let the news be carried home, And every one that hears it, come.

CHORUS.



Fly to the fount - ain, Flow - ing free - ly,
 Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain, Flowing ever pure and free;



Fly to the fount - ain, Flowing for you and for me?
 Will you fly with me to the cleansing fountain,

4 The thirsty, in the desert place,
 May hear the welcome word of grace;
 Though dying, if he will believe,
 Eternal life he shall receive.

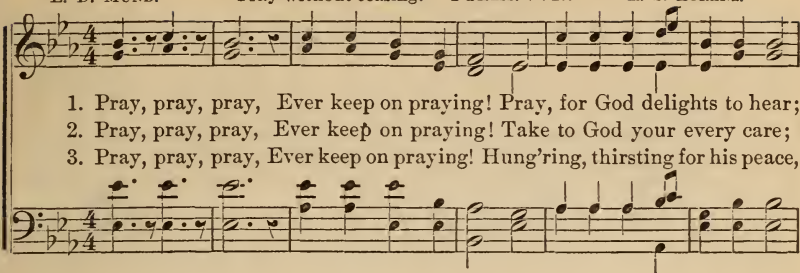
5 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries—
 And every one, my soul replies—
 For every one there's ample room;
 Then freely to the waters come.

No. 26. EVER KEEP ON PRAYING.

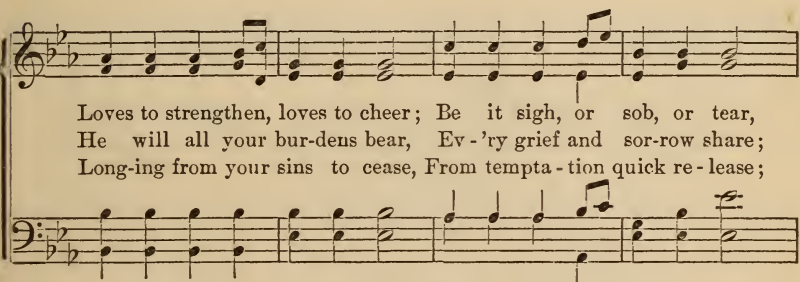
E. D. MUND.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. v : 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

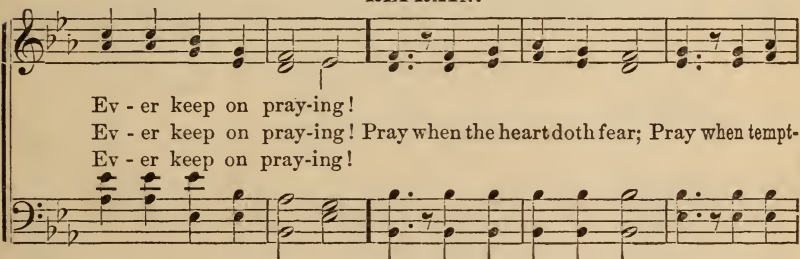


1. Pray, pray, pray, Ever keep on praying! Pray, for God delights to hear;
 2. Pray, pray, pray, Ever keep on praying! Take to God your every care;
 3. Pray, pray, pray, Ever keep on praying! Hung'ring, thirsting for his peace,

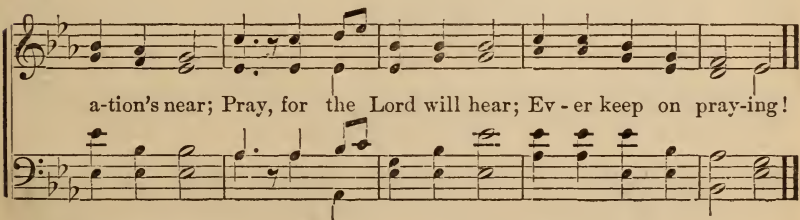


Loves to strengthen, loves to cheer; Be it sigh, or sob, or tear,
 He will all your bur-dens bear, Ev-'ry grief and sor-row share;
 Long-ing from your sins to cease, From tempta-tion quick re-lease;

REFRAIN.



Ev - er keep on pray-ing!
 Ev - er keep on pray-ing! Pray when the heart doth fear; Pray when tempt-
 Ev - er keep on pray-ing!



a-tion's near; Pray, for the Lord will hear; Ev - er keep on pray-ing!

4 Pray, pray, pray;
 Ever keep on praying!
 Pray when life is full of light;
 Pray when hopes are cheering bright;
 Is the soul in gloomy night?
 Ever keep on praying.

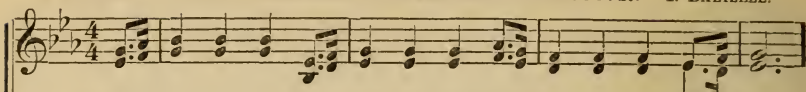
5 Pray, pray, pray;
 Ever keep on praying!
 If the answer long delay,
 Let not doubt your heart dismay;
 Stronger grow your faith each day;
 Ever keep on praying!

No. 27.

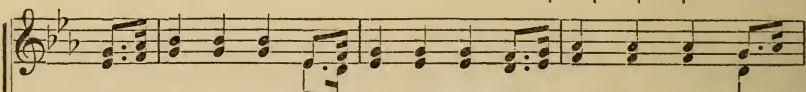
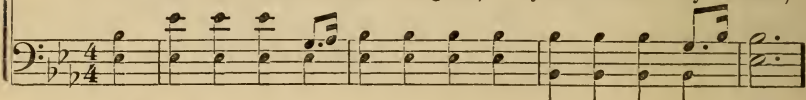
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

E. J. CARR.

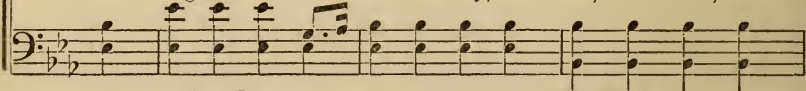
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. iii : 20. I. BALTZELL.



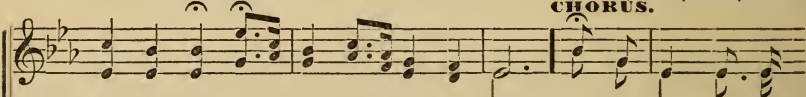
1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed calls, "O - pen," my love, my bride;
2. The door is closed—why should it be, When he is stand - ing there?
3. So late, so cold, so drear without, His hair with dew is wet;
4. "A - rise!" I hear him call a - gain; I yield him all my heart;



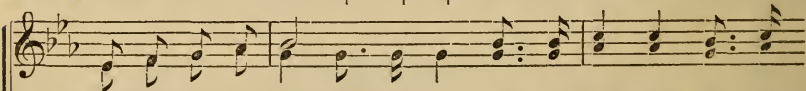
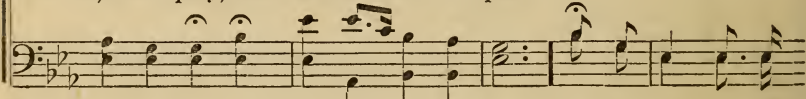
I hear him knocking at the door, A sound I've oft - en
Oh, could I hear that plaintive cry! Oh, could I see that
The shades of eve - ning o'er him fall; How can I stand and
No long - er will I make de - lay; En - ter, O Lord, with-



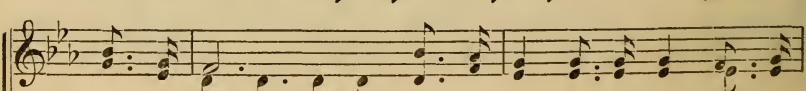
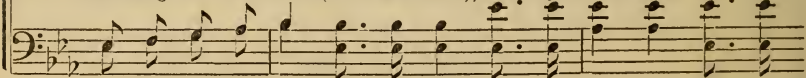
CHORUS.



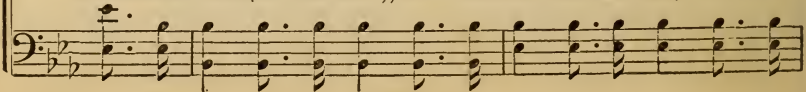
heard be - fore, Yet keep him still out - side.
pity - ing eye! That look I could not bear. Oh, the Sav - ior is
hear him call In tones of deep re - gret?
in, I pray, And nev - er more de - part.



stand - ing at the door (at the door), Gen - tly knock - ing as he



knocked be - fore (at the door); Let him now en - ter in; He will



KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. Concluded.

A musical score for a hymn, consisting of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

cleanse the heart from sin: O sin-ner, let the Sav-ior en-ter in.

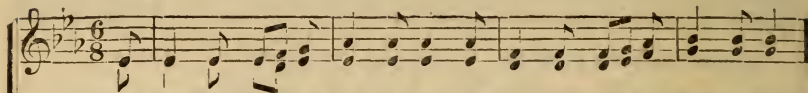
No. 29.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."—JER. 30 : 21.

M. A. W. COOK.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fet-tered by an un-seen hand;
2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
3. Oh bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,

"He that reapeth receiveth wages."—JOHN iv: 36.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is
 2. Crowd the garner well with the sheaves all bright; Let the song be
 3. In the gleaner's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems
 4. Lo! the har-vest home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by

ripe, and the reap-ers few, And the Master's voice bids the work-ers
 glad and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of
 long, and the la - bor hard; For the Master's joy, with his chos - en
 each who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in sweet words of

CHORUS.

true Heed the call that he gives to - day. La-lor on, La-lor
 night Take the place of the gold-en day.
 shared, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La-lor on,

on, Keep the bright reward in view; 'Tis the Sav-ior's com-
 La-lor on,

mand, He will strength renew; La-lor on till the close of day.

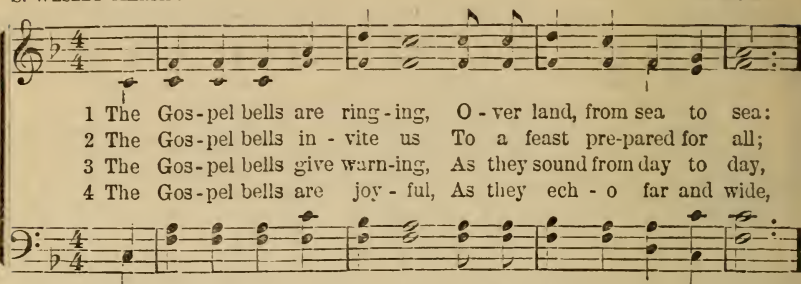
No. 31.

THE GOSPEL BELLS.

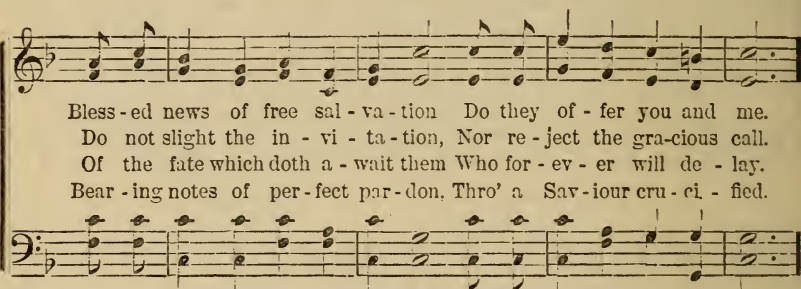
"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son."—JOHN 3 : 16.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

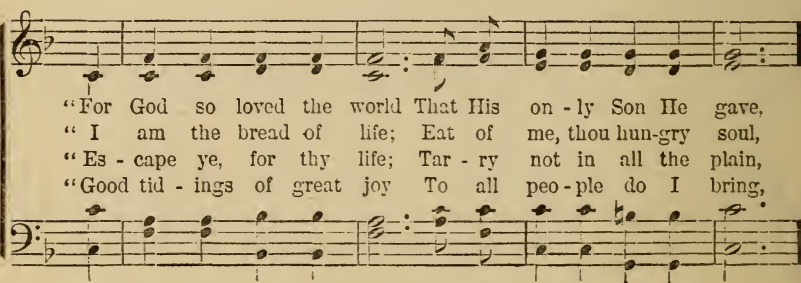
S. W. M.



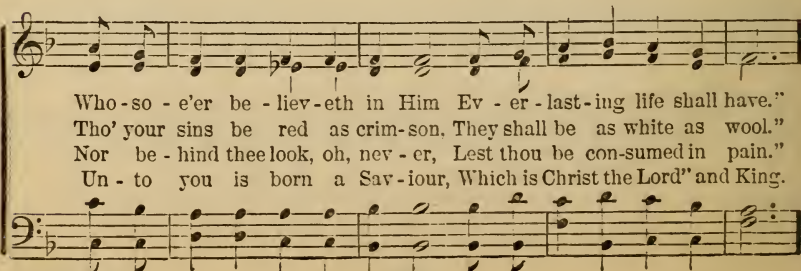
1 The Gos-pel bells are ring-ing, O-ver land, from sea to sea:
 2 The Gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast pre-pared for all;
 3 The Gos-pel bells give warn-ing, As they sound from day to day,
 4 The Gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide,



Bless-ed news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me.
 Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.
 Of the fate which doth a-wait them Who for-ev-er will de-lay.
 Bear-ing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.



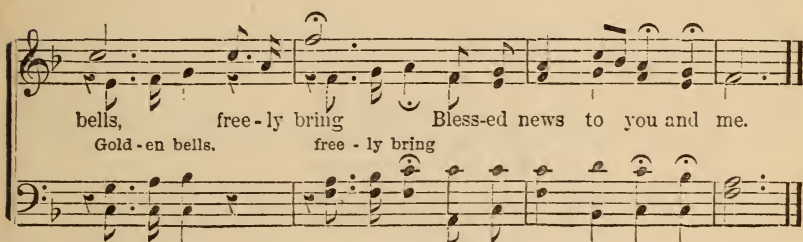
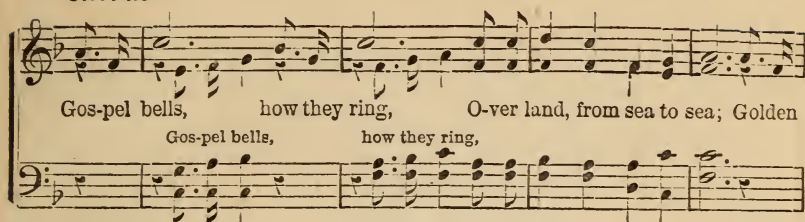
"For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave,
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun-gry soul,
 "Es-cape ye, for thy life; Tar-ry not in all the plain,
 "Good tid-ings of great joy To all peo-ple do I bring,



Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have."
 Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."
 Nor be-hind thee look, oh, nev-er, Lest thou be con-sumed in pain."
 Un-to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

THE GOSPEL BELLS.—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 32.

1 What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by
day?

What means this strange commotion,
pray?

||: In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?

A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?

||: Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.

||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn;
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.

||: "Too late! to late!" will be the cry;
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

No. 33.

1 I hear the Savior say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

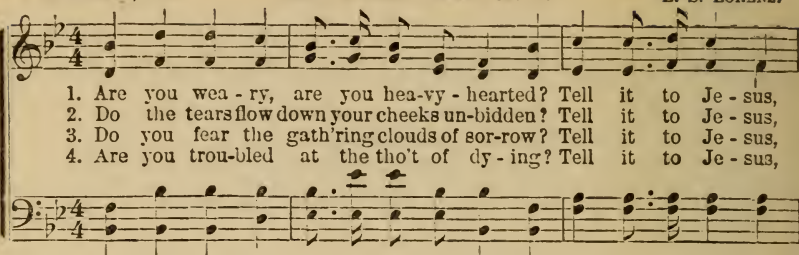
5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 34. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

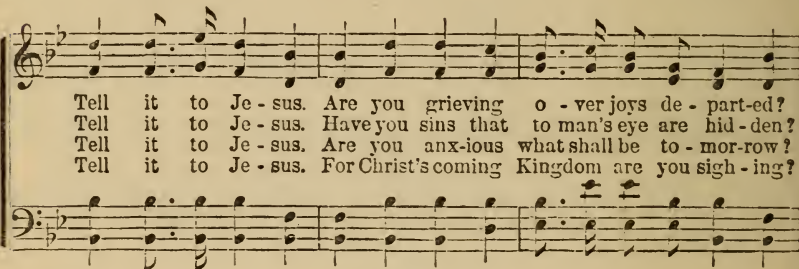
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14: 12.

E. S. LORENZ.

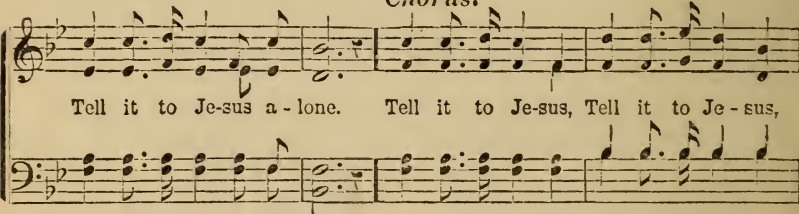


1. Are you wea - ry, are you hea - vy - hearted? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

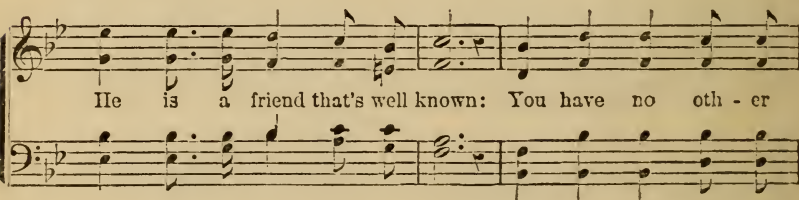


Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving o - ver joys de - part-ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx-i-ous what shall be to - mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

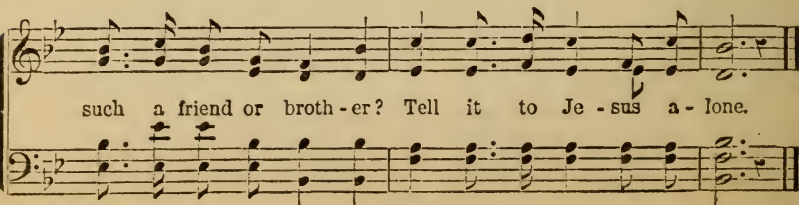
Chorus.



Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er



such a friend or broth - er? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

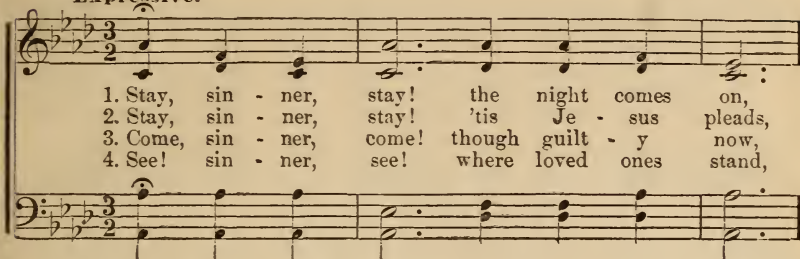
No. 35.

STAY, SINNER, STAY.

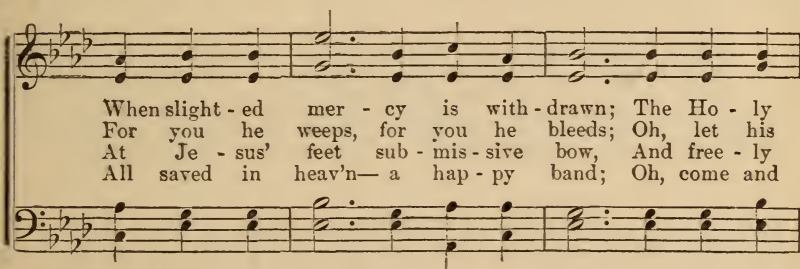
"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not you heart."—PSA. xcv:7.

REV. W. KENNY.
Expressive.

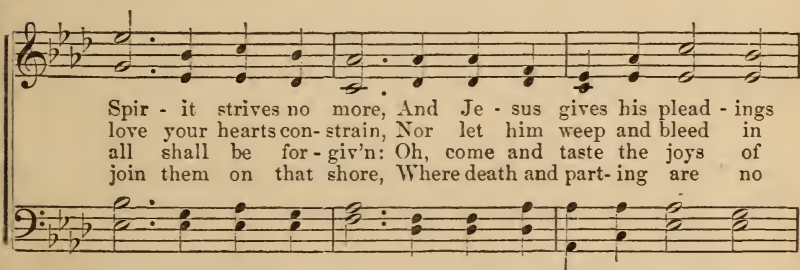
Arr. by I. B.



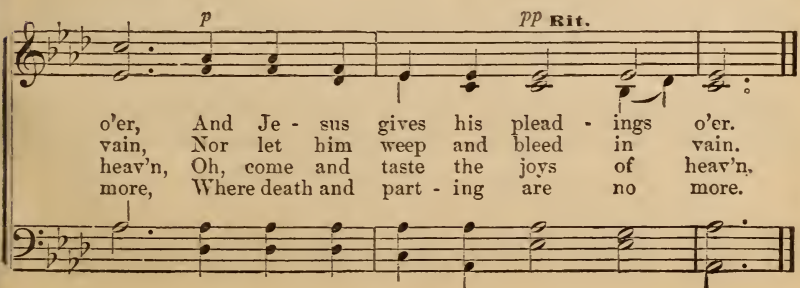
1. Stay, sin - ner, stay! the night comes on,
2. Stay, sin - ner, stay! 'tis Je - sus pleads,
3. Come, sin - ner, come! though guilt - y now,
4. See! sin - ner, see! where loved ones stand,



When slight - ed mer - cy is with - drawn; The Ho - ly
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds; Oh, let his
At Je - sus' feet sub - mis - sive bow, And free - ly
All saved in heav'n— a hap - py band; Oh, come and



Spir - it strives no more, And Je - sus gives his plead - ings
love your hearts con - strain, Nor let him weep and bleed in
all shall be for - giv'n: Oh, come and taste the joys of
join them on that shore, Where death and part - ing are no



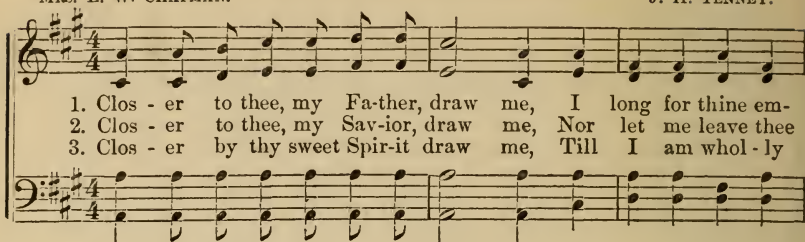
p *pp Rit.*
o'er, And Je - sus gives his plead - ings o'er.
vain, Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
heav'n, Oh, come and taste the joys of heav'n,
more, Where death and part - ing are no more.

No. 36. DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

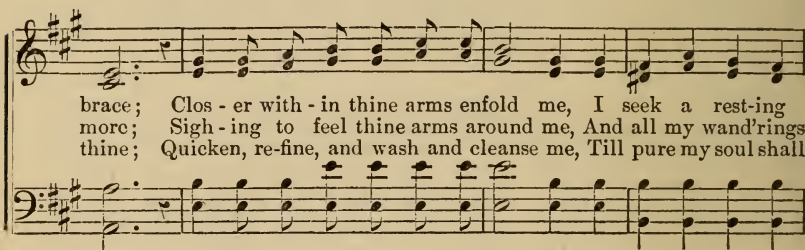
"And I will cause him to draw near."—JER. xxx : 21.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

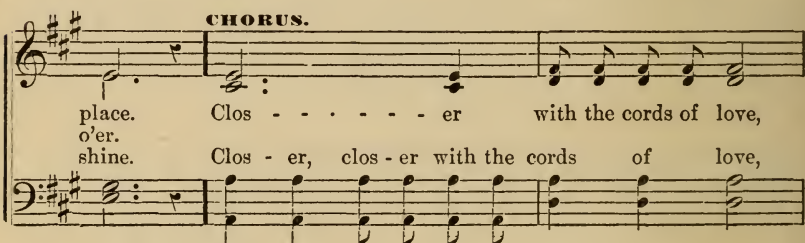


1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em-
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Sav-ior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir-it draw me, Till I am whol - ly

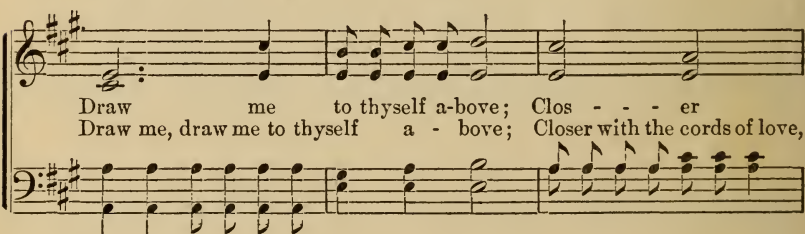


brace; Clos - er with - in thine arms enfold me, I seek a rest-ing
 more; Sigh-ing to feel thine arms around me, And all my wand'rings
 thine; Quick-en, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

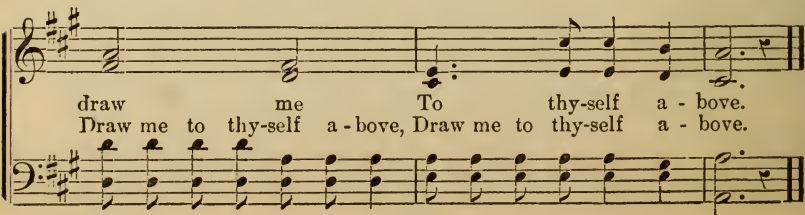
CHORUS.



place. Clos - - - - - er with the cords of love,
 o'er. shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,



Draw me to thyself a-bove; Clos - - - er
 Draw me, draw me to thyself a - bove; Closer with the cords of love,



draw me To thy-self a - bove.
 Draw me to thy-self a - bove, Draw me to thy-self a - bove.

No. 37. SAVE ME, GRACIOUS GOD.

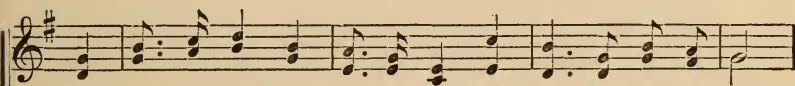
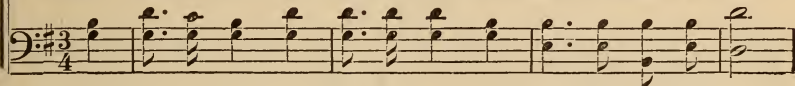
"Hear my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer."—Psa. lvi: 1.

DE. G. W. WAGONER.

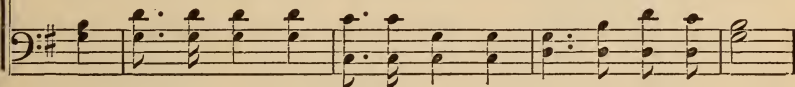
I. BALTZELL.



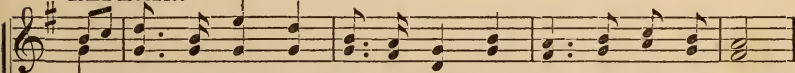
1. O Je - sus, at thy cross I fall! From sin and shame I fly;
2. Speak par-don, Lord! show pit-y now; What yet have I to flee?
3. God of Al-might-y power and love, Say, is there grace for me?
4. Yes, bless the Lord, I now be-lieve Thy blood was shed for me!



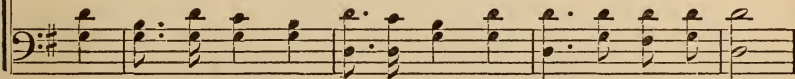
And on thy hal-lowed name I call; Save, Je - sus, or I die.
See! at thy feet I hum-bly bow; My life I give to thee.
Can my deep wails thy an-ger move? Oh, may I fly to thee?
Glo - ry to God! I now re-ceive A par - don full and free.



REFRAIN.



Now, save me, save me, gracious God! As now to thee I fly;



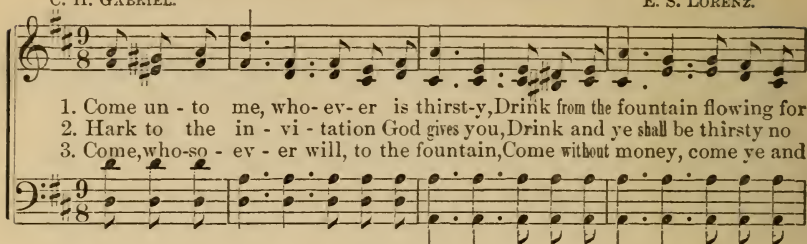
Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood! Oh, wash me, or I die!



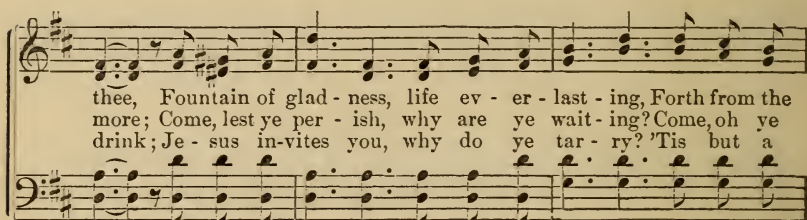
"Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—ISA. lv: 1.

C. H. GABRIEL.

E. S. LORENZ.

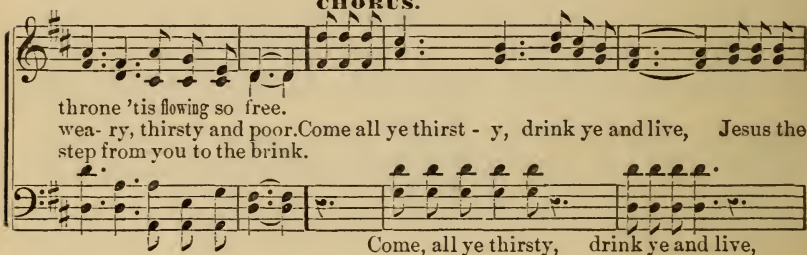


1. Come un - to me, who - ev - er is thirst - y, Drink from the fountain flowing for
 2. Hark to the in - vi - tation God gives you, Drink and ye shall be thirsty no
 3. Come, who - so - ev - er will, to the fountain, Come without money, come ye and



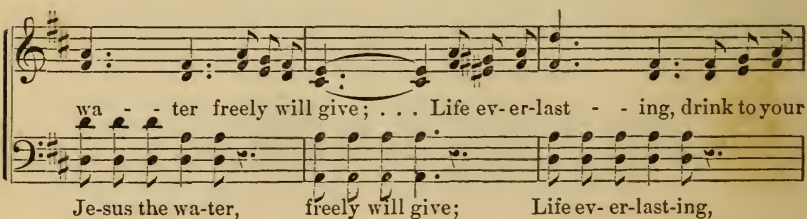
thee, Fountain of glad - ness, life ev - er - last - ing, Forth from the
 more; Come, lest ye per - ish, why are ye wait - ing? Come, oh ye
 drink; Je - sus in - vites you, why do ye tar - ry? 'Tis but a

CHORUS.

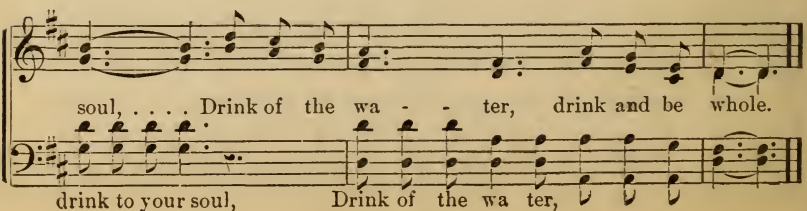


throne 'tis flowing so free.
 wea - ry, thirsty and poor. Come all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live, Jesus the
 step from you to the brink.

Come, all ye thirsty, drink ye and live,



wa - - ter freely will give; . . . Life ev - er - last - - ing, drink to your
 Je - sus the wa - ter, freely will give; Life ev - er - last - ing,



soul, . . . Drink of the wa - - ter, drink and be whole.
 drink to your soul, Drink of the wa - ter,

No. 39.

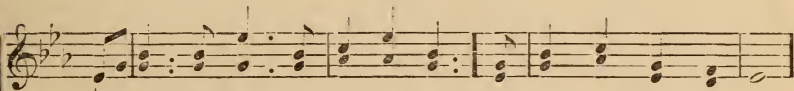
THE CROSS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN, 1 : 7.

J. H. STOCKTON.



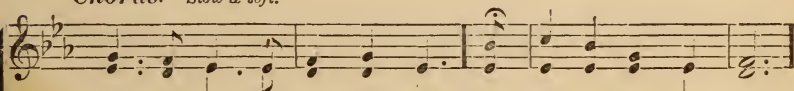
1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. The cross! the cross! that heav-y cross, My Sav-iour bore for me;
3. The wounds! the wounds! those painful wounds; O they were made for me!
4. The death! the death! the aw-ful death, That Je-sus died for me!
5. The love! the love! the matchless love That bled up-on the tree!



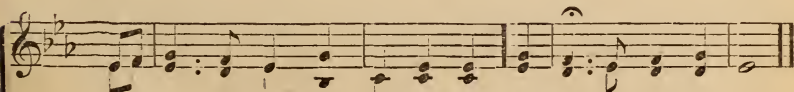
Re-mind-ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me
It bowed him to the earth with grief On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.
His hands and feet, His ho-ly head, All pierced and torn I see.
I heard His groans, His prayer, "Forgive," His bleeding side. I see.
It melts my heart, it wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to Thee.



Chorus. *Slow & soft.*



Oh, the blood! the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me:



Up-on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.



"In the secret of thy presence."—Psa. xxxi : 20.

ELLEN LAKSMI GOREH.*

I. BALTZELL.

1. In the se - cret of his presence, how my soul delights to hide!
 2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the sha - dow of his wing
 3. On - ly *this* I know, I tell him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
 4. Do you think that I could love him half so well, or as I ought,

Oh, how pre - cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side!
 There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring;
 Oh, how pa - tient-ly he list - ens! and my droop-ing soul he cheers;
 If he did not tell me plain-ly of each sin-ful deed and thought?

Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low;
 And my Sav - ior rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet;
 Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be,
 No! he is ver - y faith-ful, and that makes me trust him more;

For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the Se - cret Place I go.
 If I tried I could not ut - ter what he says when thus we meet.
 If he nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which he must see.
 For I know that he *does* love me, tho' he wounds me ver - y sore.

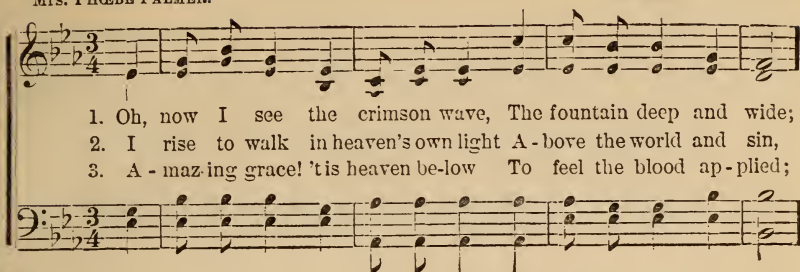
- 5 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
 Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;
 And when'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
 You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.
- 6 You will surely lose the blessing, and the fullness of your joy,
 If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy;
 You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;
 In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

*A Brahmin of the highest caste, and the adopted daughter of the Rev. W. T. Storrs, Great Horton Vicarage, Bradford.

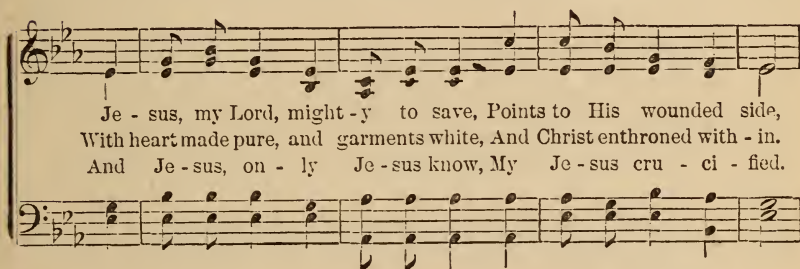
No. 41. THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

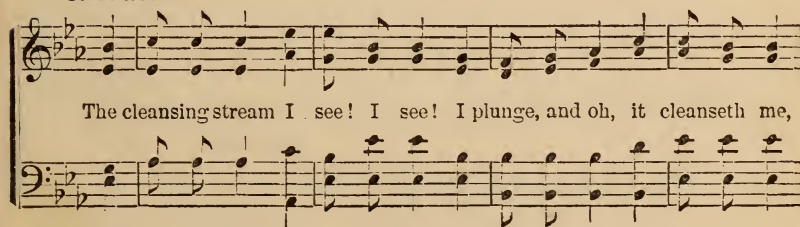


1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light A - bove the world and sin,
3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heaven be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;

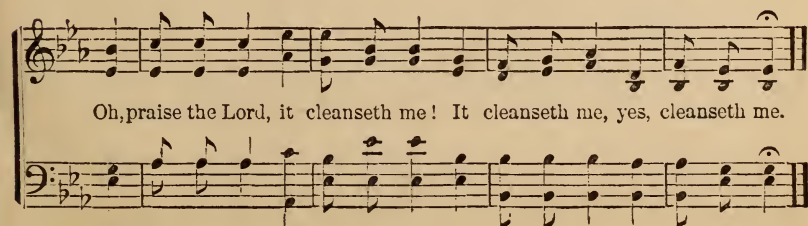


Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wounded side,
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with - in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Chorus.



The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me,



Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

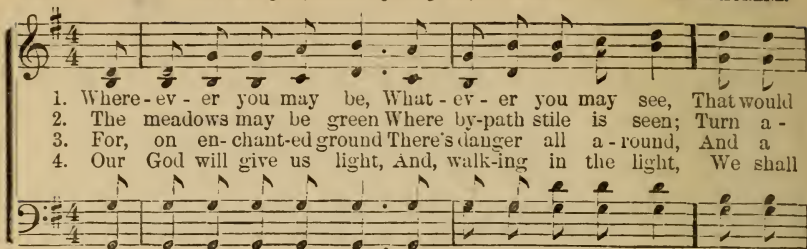
By permission.

No. 42. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

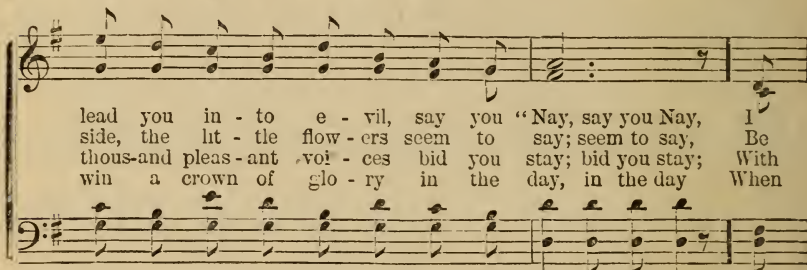
ANON.

"We will go by the King's highway."—NUM. 20 : 17.

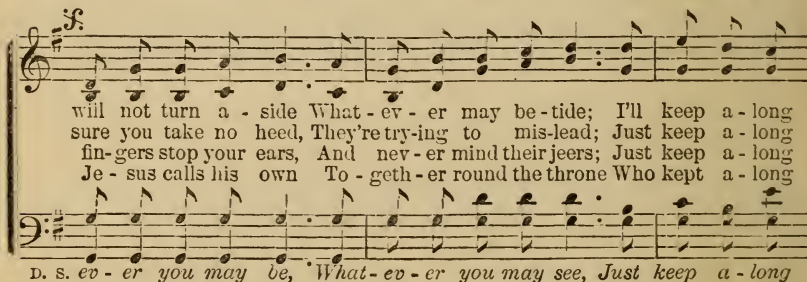
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Where - ev - er you may be, What - ev - er you may see, That would
 2. The meadows may be green Where by-path stile is seen; Turn a -
 3. For, on en - chant - ed ground There's danger all a - round, And a
 4. Our God will give us light, And, walk - ing in the light, We shall



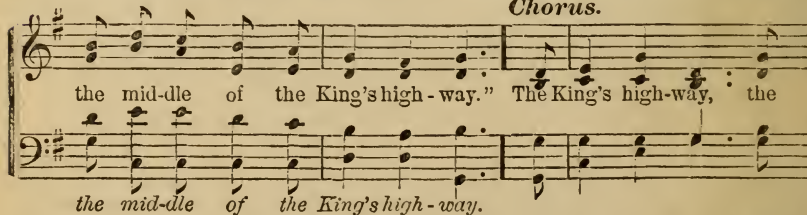
lead you in - to e - vil, say you "Nay, say you Nay, 1
 side, the lit - tle flow - ers seem to say; seem to say, Be
 thous - and pleas - ant voi - ces bid you stay; bid you stay; With
 win a crown of glo - ry in the day, in the day When



will not turn a - side What - ev - er may be - tide; I'll keep a - long
 sure you take no heed, They're try - ing to mis - lead; Just keep a - long
 fin - gers stop your ears, And nev - er mind their jeers; Just keep a - long
 Je - sus calls his own To - geth - er round the throne Who kept a - long

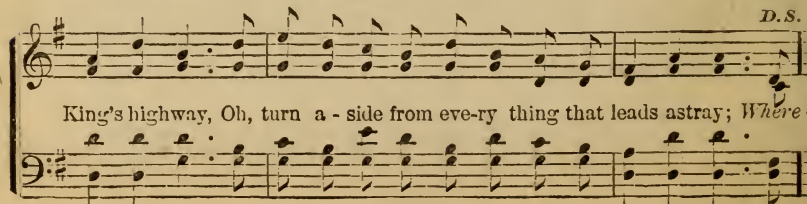
D. S. ev - er you may be, What - ev - er you may see, Just keep a - long

Chorus.



the mid - dle of the King's high - way." The King's high - way, the
 the mid - dle of the King's high - way.

D. S.



King's highway, Oh, turn a - side from eve - ry thing that leads astray; Where -

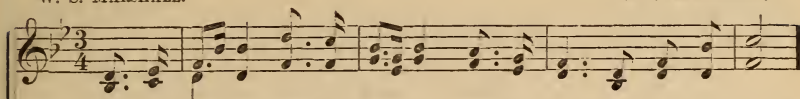
No. 43.

I AM LISTENING.

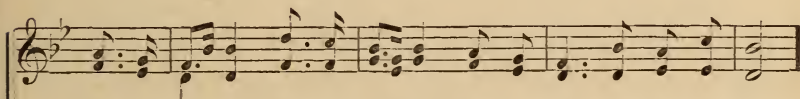
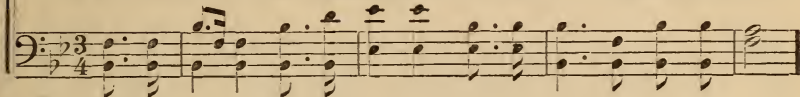
"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—CANT. v : 2.

W. S. MARSHALL.

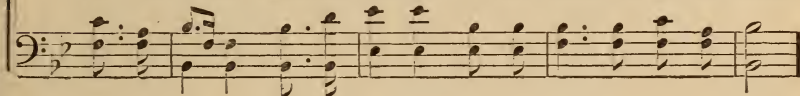
W. S. MARSHALL.



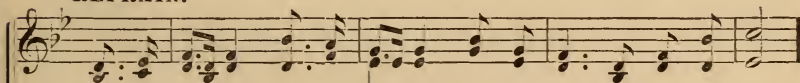
1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo-ings of his voice?
2. By his *Spir-it* he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him,
3. By the *Word* of Truth he's speaking To the wand'ring, err-ing ones;
4. In his *Prov-i-den-tial deal-ings*, E-ven in his stern de-crees,



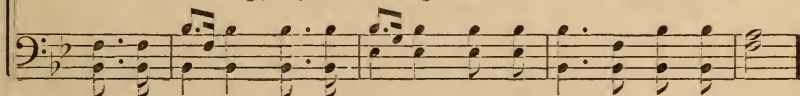
Do you hear the ac-cents fall-ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
List! the voice the stillness breaking! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
In the loud-est thun-ders pealing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.



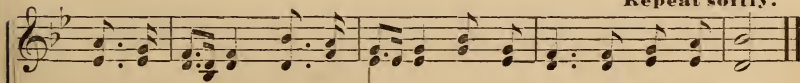
REFRAIN.



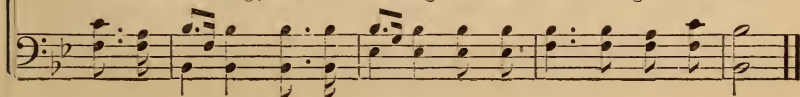
I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning Just to hear the ac-cents fall!



Repeat softly.



I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning To the Sav-ior's gen-tle call!



No. 44.

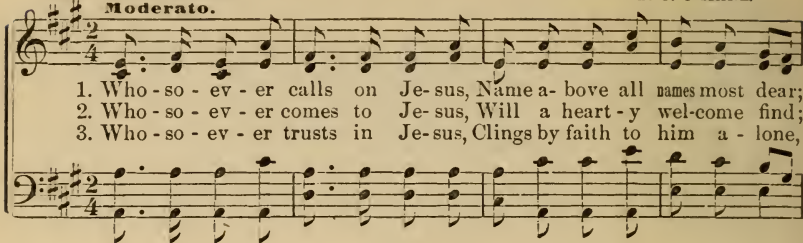
WHOSOEVER.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—ROM. x: 13.

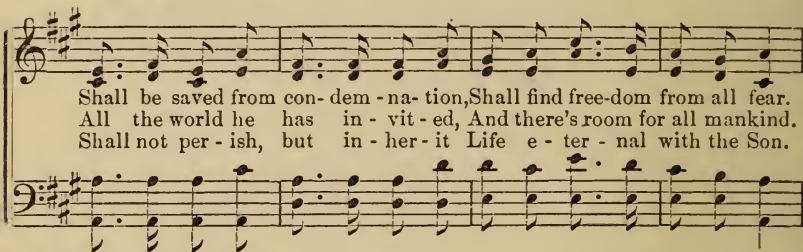
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

T. C. O'KANE.

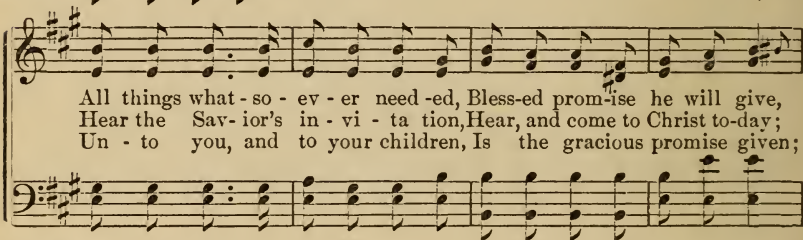
Moderato.



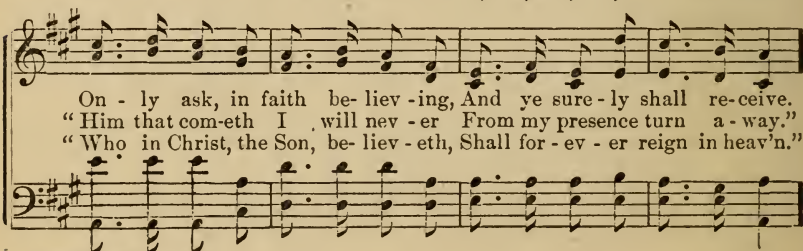
1. Who - so - ev - er calls on Je - sus, Name a - bove all names most dear;
 2. Who - so - ev - er comes to Je - sus, Will a heart - y wel - come find;
 3. Who - so - ev - er trusts in Je - sus, Clings by faith to him a - lone,



Shall be saved from con - dem - na - tion, Shall find free - dom from all fear.
 All the world he has in - vit - ed, And there's room for all mankind.
 Shall not per - ish, but in - her - it Life e - ter - nal with the Son.

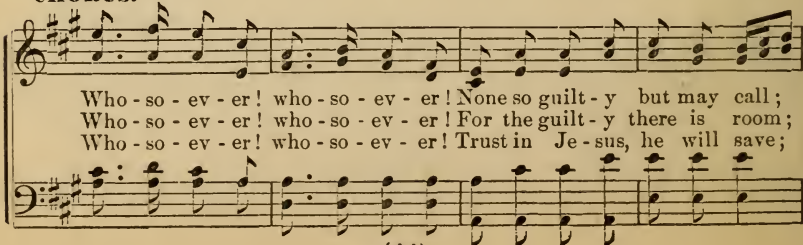


All things what - so - ev - er need - ed, Bless - ed prom - ise he will give,
 Hear the Sav - ior's in - vi - ta - tion, Hear, and come to Christ to - day;
 Un - to you, and to your children, Is the gracious promise given;



On - ly ask, in faith be - liev - ing, And ye sure - ly shall re - ceive.
 "Him that com - eth I will nev - er From my presence turn a - way."
 "Who in Christ, the Son, be - liev - eth, Shall for - ev - er reign in heav'n."

CHORUS.



Who - so - ev - er! who - so - ev - er! None so guilt - y but may call;
 Who - so - ev - er! who - so - ev - er! For the guilt - y there is room;
 Who - so - ev - er! who - so - ev - er! Trust in Je - sus, he will save;

WHOSOEVER. Concluded.

Who - so - ev - er! who - so - ev - er! Sin - ner, come, 'tis free for all.
 Who - so - ev - er! sin - ner, hear it! "Who - so - ev - er will may come."
 Who - so - ev - er! who - so - ev - er! All may life e - ter - nal have.

No. 45. COME TO THE CROSS.

REV. J H MARTIN.

"The death of the cross."—PHI. ii: 7.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. { Come to the cross where the Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was cruci-fied, }
 { Turn to the mournful and tragic scene, Gaze on the suf-fering Naz-a-rene. }
 2. { Fall at the feet of the dy-ing one, Trust in the name of the Father's Son; }
 { Wash in the fountain of Je-sus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the healing flood. }
 3. { Fly to the arms of his pard'ning love, Cher-ish the hope of a crown above; }
 { Taste of the sweetness of sins for-giv'n, Lean on the promise of rest in heav'n. }

CHORUS.

Look at the Cruci-fied, Look and live! Look, for e-ter-nal life He will give;

Come to the cross where the blessed Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was cruci-fied.

No. 46.

IN THEE ABIDE.

"Abide in me and I in you."—JOHN xv : 4.

W. O. CUSHING

I. BALTZELL.

1. My Fa - ther, while on earth I stay, Be thou my guide; Oh,
 2. I need thee, Lord, when dan - gers lower, Thy love to guide; Keep
 3. Thou art my Ref - uge where I flee, In thee I hide; No

shield me in life's dan - gerous way, And let my soul in
 me from sin's al - lur - ing power, And let my trem - bling
 arm but thine can res - cue me, I am but weak - ness,

REFRAIN.
 thee, I pray, Safe, safe a - bide. In thee a -
 soul, each hour, In thee a - bide.
 and would be Safe by thy side. In thee a - bide, in

bide, When storms and dan - gers me be - tide, In
 thee a - bide, be - tide;

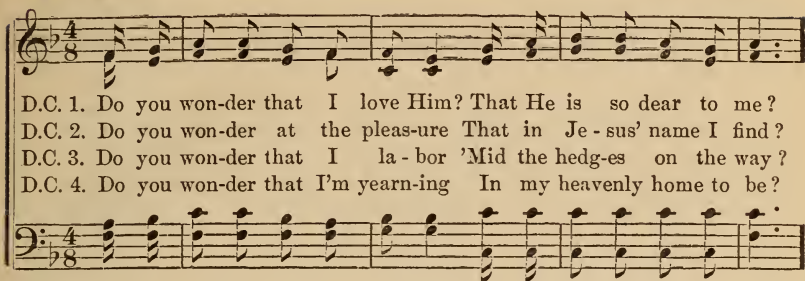
thee a - bide, Oh, let my soul in thee a - bide.
 thee a - bide, In thee a - bide,

No. 47. DO YOU WONDER THAT I LOVE HIM?

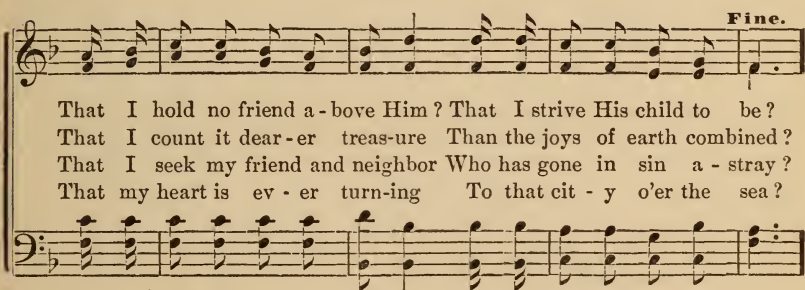
"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 JOHN iv : 19.

E. D. MUND.

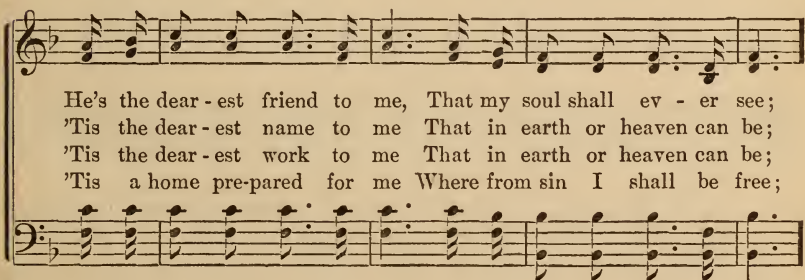
E. S. LORENZ.



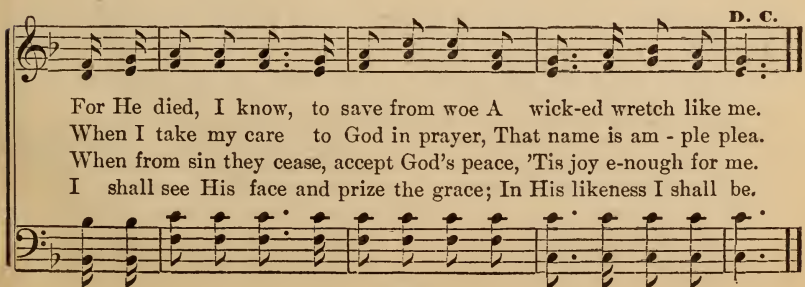
D.C. 1. Do you won-der that I love Him? That He is so dear to me?
 D.C. 2. Do you won-der at the pleas-ure That in Je-sus' name I find?
 D.C. 3. Do you won-der that I la-bor 'Mid the hedg-es on the way?
 D.C. 4. Do you won-der that I'm yearn-ing In my heavenly home to be?



Fine.
 That I hold no friend a-bove Him? That I strive His child to be?
 That I count it dear-er treas-ure Than the joys of earth combined?
 That I seek my friend and neighbor Who has gone in sin a-stray?
 That my heart is ev-er turn-ing To that cit-y o'er the sea?



He's the dear-est friend to me, That my soul shall ev-er see;
 'Tis the dear-est name to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis the dear-est work to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis a home pre-pared for me Where from sin I shall be free;



D. C.
 For He died, I know, to save from woe A wick-ed wretch like me.
 When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am-ple plea.
 When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'Tis joy e-nough for me.
 I shall see His face and prize the grace; In His likeness I shall be.

No. 48. LOOKING OFF UNTO JESUS.

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. xii : 2.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, my eyes can not see
 2. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, my spir - it is blest;
 3. Look - ing off un - to Je - sus, oh! may I be found,

The troub - les and dan - gers that throng a - bout me;
 This world has its tur - moil—in him I have rest.
 When wa - ters of Jor - dan en - com - pass me round.

They can not be blind - ed with sor - row - ful tears,
 The sea of my life all a - bout me may roar,
 To bear me a - way in his pres - ence to be,

They can not be shad - owed with un - be - lief fears.
 When look - ing to Je - sus I hear it no more.
 He seems but the near - er whom al - ways I see.

No. 49.

- 1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
 And through its portals gleaming,
 A radiance from the cross afar,
 The Savior's love revealing.

Cho.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
 That gate was left ajar for me?
 For me, for me?
 Was left ajar for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation;

The rich and poor, the great and small,
 Of every tribe and nation.

- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may
 While mercy's gate is open; [frown,
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.

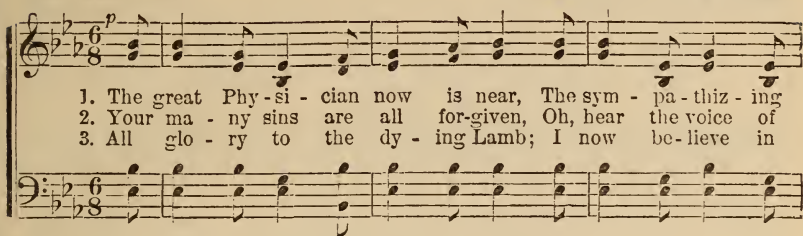
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love him more in heaven.

No. 50. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

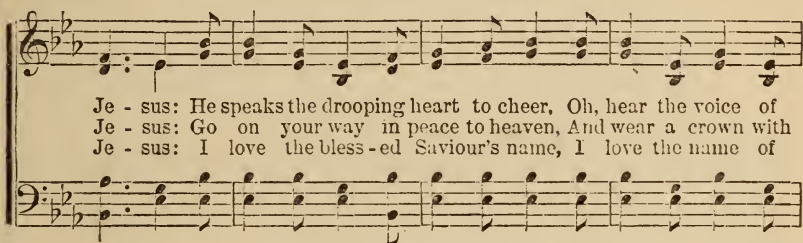
"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8 : 22.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

ARR. BY REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

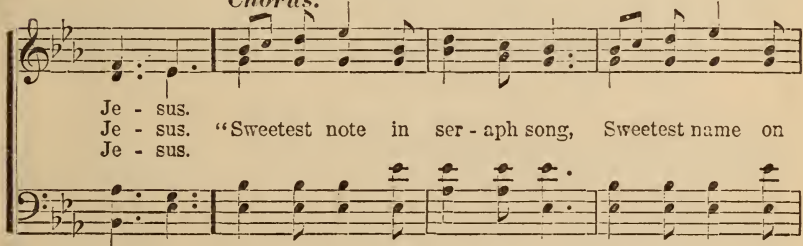


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-given, Oh, hear the voice of
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb; I now be - lieve in

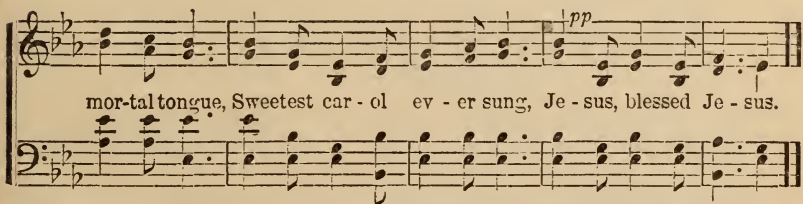


Je - sus: He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of
Je - sus: Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with
Je - sus: I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of

Chorus.



Je - sus.
Je - sus. "Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on
Je - sus.



mor-tal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

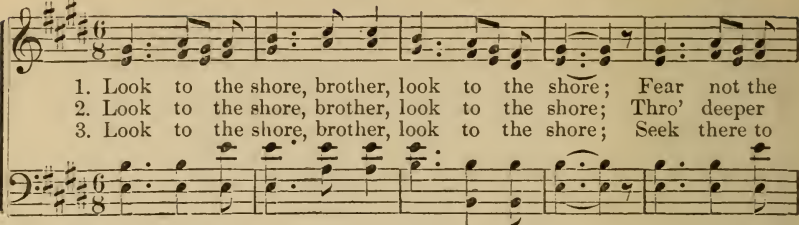
- 4 "The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus."—CHO.
- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus:
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.—CHO.
- 6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.—CHO.
- 7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.—CHO.

No. 51.

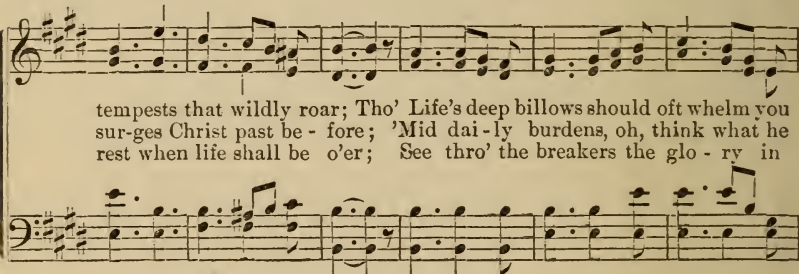
LOOK TO THE SHORE.

W. A. C.

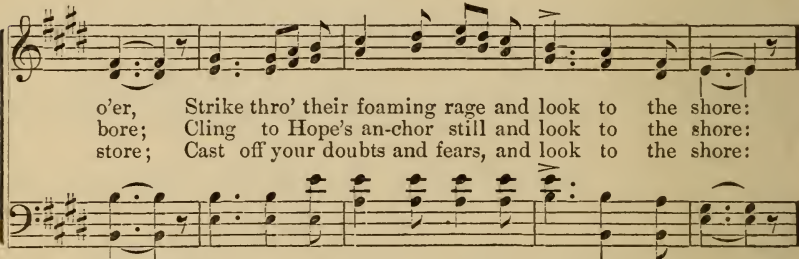
WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



1. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore; Fear not the
 2. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore; Thro' deeper
 3. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore; Seek there to

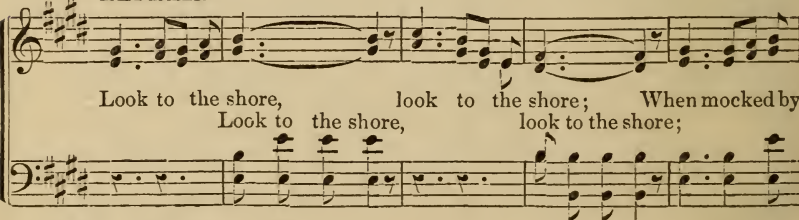


tempests that wildly roar; Tho' Life's deep billows should oft overwhelm you
 sur-ges Christ past be - fore; 'Mid dai-ly burdens, oh, think what he
 rest when life shall be o'er; See thro' the breakers the glo - ry in

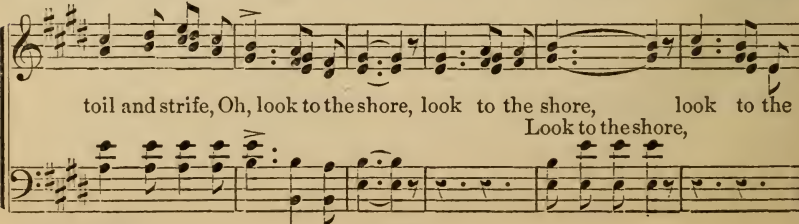


o'er, Strike thro' their foaming rage and look to the shore:
 bore; Cling to Hope's an-chor still and look to the shore:
 store; Cast off your doubts and fears, and look to the shore:

REFRAIN.



Look to the shore, look to the shore; When mocked by
 Look to the shore, look to the shore;



toil and strife, Oh, look to the shore, look to the shore, look to the
 Look to the shore,

By permission.

LOOK TO THE SHORE. Concluded.

shore, . . . Turn from the storms of life and look to the shore.
Look to the shore,

No. 52. GIVE ME THY HEART.

"My son, give me thy heart."—PROV. xxiii : 26.

MRS. B. A. PERRIGO.

HARRY SANDERS.

With expression.

1. "Give me thy heart," the sweet words fall Like whispered music on the ear:
2. And when the noon-tide scatters round Its gold-en tints, its rich-est hues,
3. Oh, 'tis the Lord who speaks to thee So kindly! Canst thou from him stay?
4. Give God thy heart, be his alone; Love, work and watch, and strive and pray,

"Give me thy heart," the plead - ing call Floats like a harp-note
Then, then is heard the self - same sound, "Give me thy heart," do
He woos thee yet more ten - der-ly: "Give me thy heart" with-
That when his will in thee is done, That heart, al-read - y

soft and clear; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
not re-fuse, "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
out de-lay, "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
his, shall say: Take thou thine own, Take thou thine own.

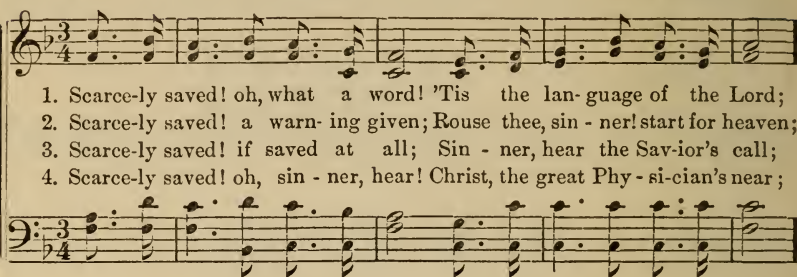
No. 53.

SCARCELY SAVED.

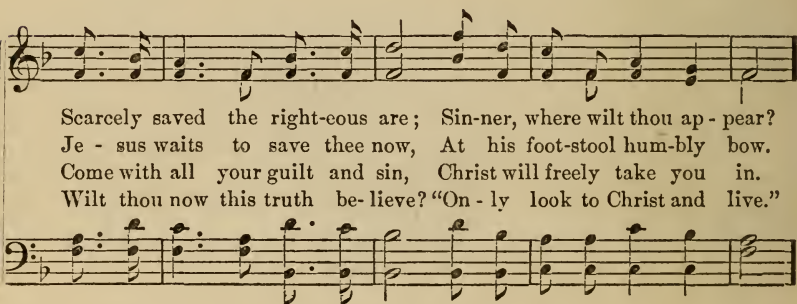
"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"—1 PETER iv : 18.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

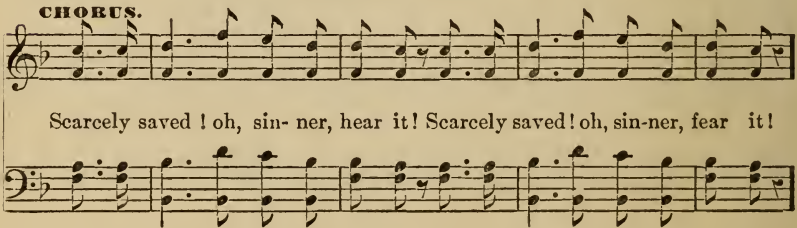


1. Scarce-ly saved! oh, what a word! 'Tis the lan-guage of the Lord;
 2. Scarce-ly saved! a warn-ing given; Rouse thee, sin - ner! start for heaven;
 3. Scarce-ly saved! if saved at all; Sin - ner, hear the Sav-ior's call;
 4. Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin - ner, hear! Christ, the great Phy - si-cian's near;

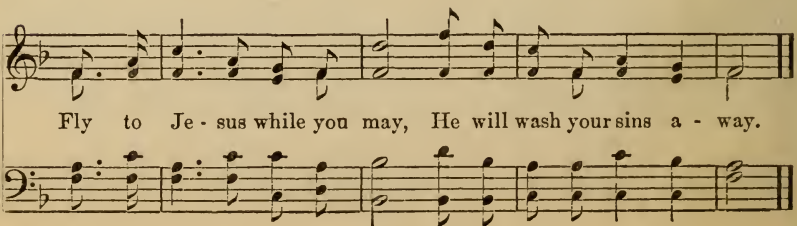


Scarcely saved the right-eous are; Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap - pear?
 Je - sus waits to save thee now, At his foot-stool hum-bly bow.
 Come with all your guilt and sin, Christ will freely take you in.
 Wilt thou now this truth be-lieve? "On - ly look to Christ and live."

CHORUS.



Scarcely saved ! oh, sin- ner, hear it! Scarcely saved ! oh, sin-ner, fear it!



Fly to Je - sus while you may, He will wash your sins a - way.

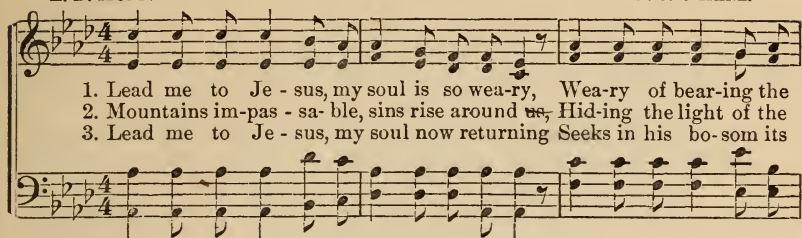
No. 54.

LEAD ME TO JESUS.

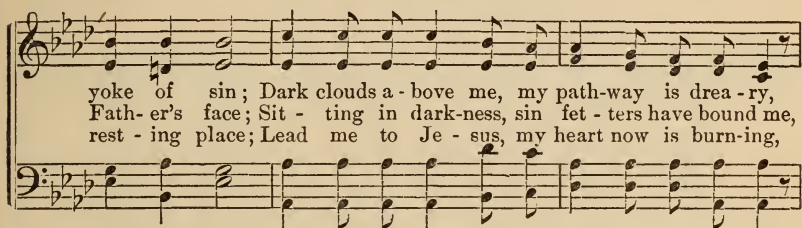
"And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him."—LUKE xviii : 40.

E. D. MUND.

T. C. O'KANE.

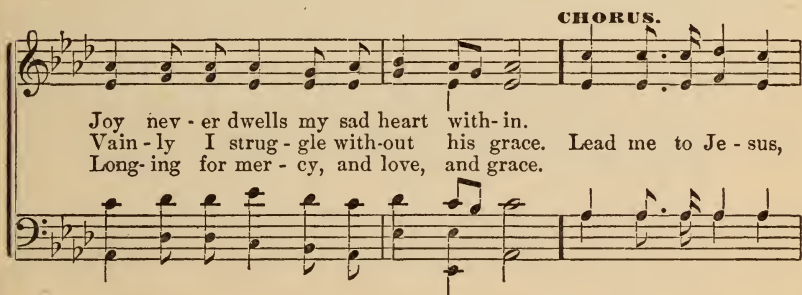


1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so wea-ry, Wea-ry of bear-ing the
 2. Mountains im-pas - sa - ble, sins rise around us, Hid-ing the light of the
 3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now returning Seeks in his bo-som its

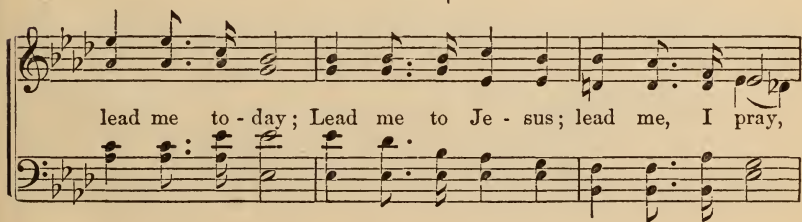


yoke of sin; Dark clouds a - bove me, my path-way is drea-ry,
 Fath-er's face; Sit - ting in dark-ness, sin fet - ters have bound me,
 rest - ing place; Lead me to Je - sus, my heart now is burn-ing,

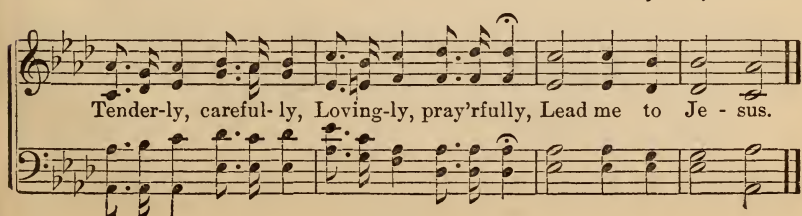
CHORUS.



Joy nev - er dwells my sad heart with-in.
 Vain-ly I strug - gle with-out his grace. Lead me to Je - sus,
 Long-ing for mer - cy, and love, and grace.



lead me to - day; Lead me to Je - sus; lead me, I pray,



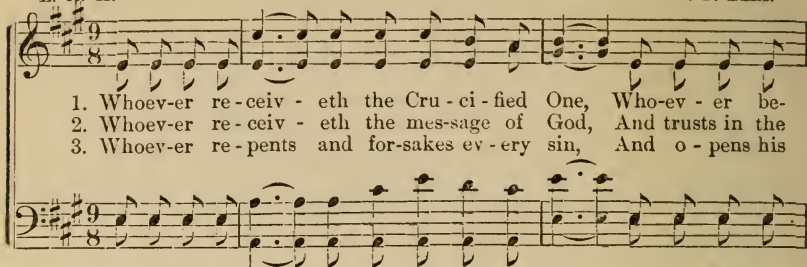
Tender-ly, careful-ly, Loving-ly, pray'rfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

No. 55. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

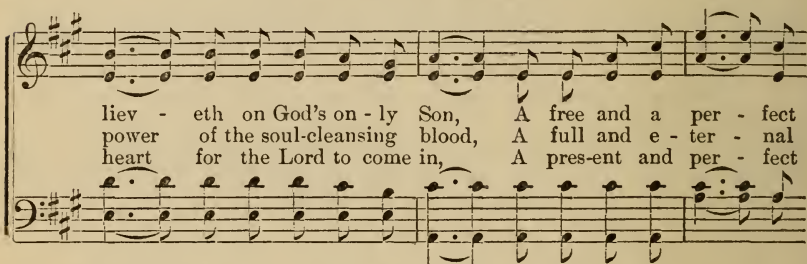
"Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior."—TITUS iii : 6.

E. A. H.

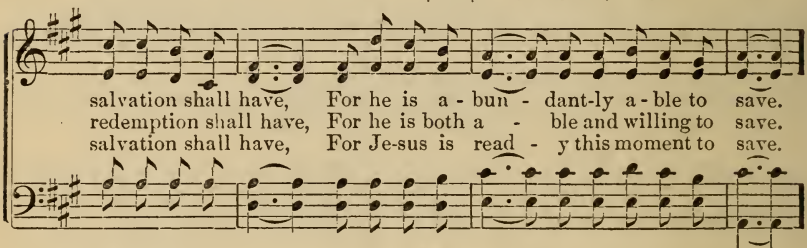
P. P. BLISS.



1. Whoev-er re-ceive - eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
 2. Whoev-er re-ceive - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Whoev-er re-pents and for-sakes ev-ery sin, And o-pens his

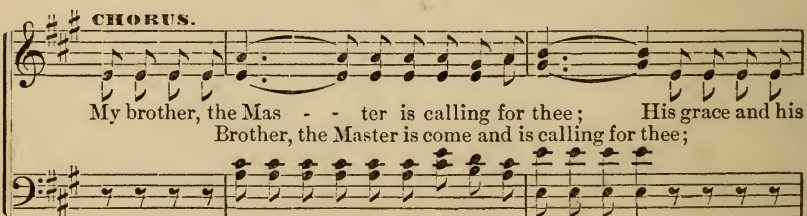


liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect
 power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect

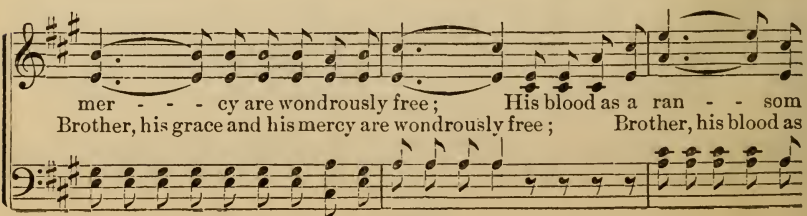


salvation shall have, For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 redemption shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
 salvation shall have, For Je-sus is read - y this moment to save.

CHORUS.



My brother, the Mas - - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his
 Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee;



mer - - - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - - som
 Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free; Brother, his blood as

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

for sinners he gave, And he is a-bun - dantly a-ble to save.
a ransom for sinners he gave, And he is abundantly able to save.

No. 56. PRECIOUS JESUS,

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER ii : 7

I. B.

Arranged.

1. Pre - cious Je - sus, I am com - ing— Com - ing
I am trust - ing, I'm be - liev - ing; Take, oh,
2. Pre - cious Je - sus, I am long - ing All thy
Wilt thou grant those pur - er bless - ings All the

CHORUS.

to the cross to - day; }
take my sins a - way! } Pre - cious Je - sus, come and
peace and joy to know; }
world can ne'er be-stow. }

make me whole; Ho - ly Spir - it sanc - ti - fy my soul.

3 Precious Jesus, I am clinging
To the cross on which thou died;
Help me, Savior, help me quickly;
Speak, and I am sanctified.

Chorus.

4 Precious Jesus, I am trusting,
Trusting in the crimson tide;
Hallelujah! precious Jesus!
Now I feel thy blood applied.

Chorus.

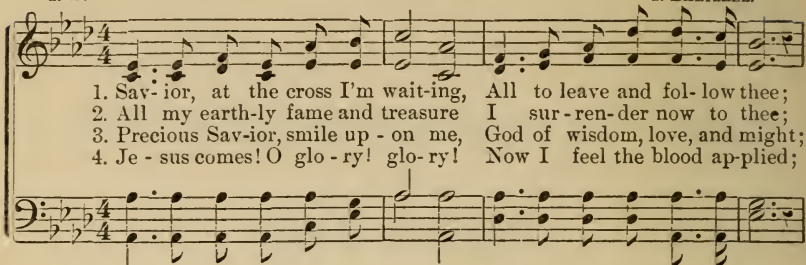
No. 57.

WAITING AT THE CROSS.

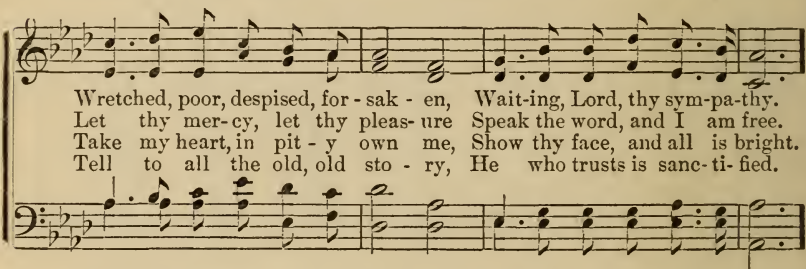
"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. xl: 1.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

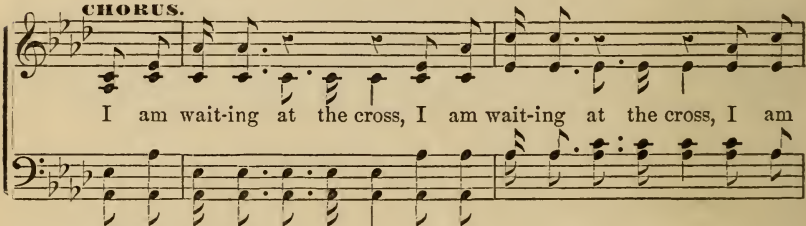


1. Sav-ior, at the cross I'm wait-ing, All to leave and fol-low thee;
 2. All my earth-ly fame and treasure I sur-ren-der now to thee;
 3. Precious Sav-ior, smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love, and might;
 4. Je-sus comes! O glo-ry! glo-ry! Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

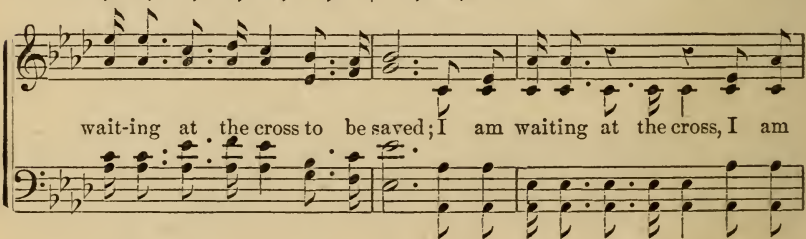


Wretched, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Wait-ing, Lord, thy sym-pa-thy.
 Let thy mer-cy, let thy pleas-ure Speak the word, and I am free.
 Take my heart, in pit-y own me, Show thy face, and all is bright.
 Tell to all the old, old sto-ry, He who trusts is sanc-ti-fied.

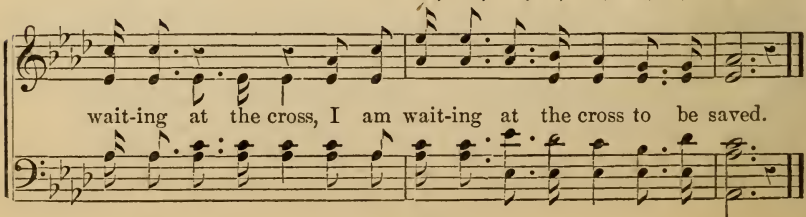
CHORUS.



I am wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross, I am



wait-ing at the cross to be saved; I am waiting at the cross, I am



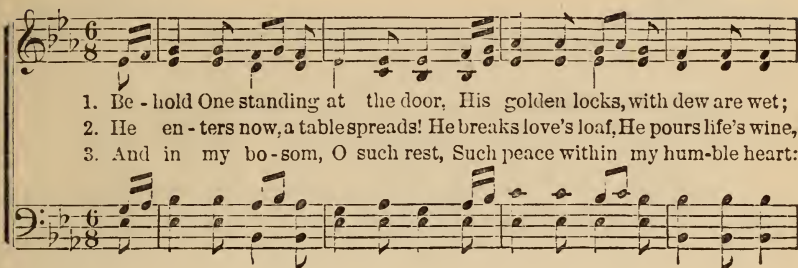
wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross to be saved.

No. 58. THE HEAVENLY GUEST.

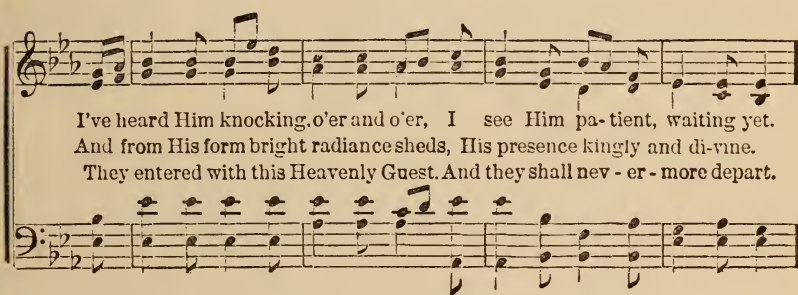
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

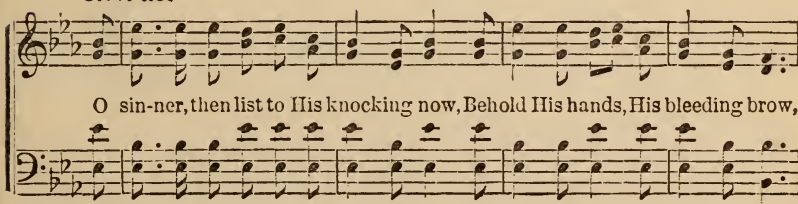


1. Be - hold One standing at the door, His golden locks, with dew are wet;
 2. He en - ters now, a table spreads! He breaks love's loaf, He pours life's wine,
 3. And in my bo - som, O such rest, Such peace within my hum - ble heart:

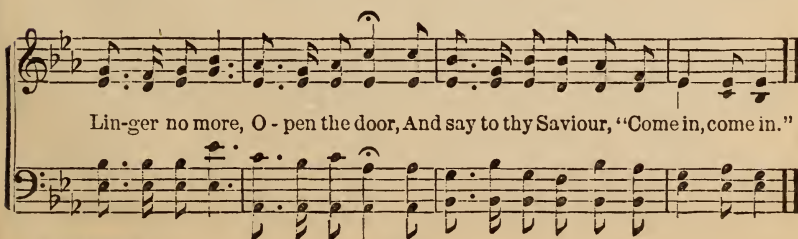


I've heard Him knocking, o'er and o'er, I see Him pa - tient, waiting yet.
 And from His form bright radiance sheds, His presence king - ly and di - vine.
 They entered with this Heavenly Guest. And they shall nev - er - more depart.

Chorus.



O sin - ner, then list to His knocking now, Behold His hands, His bleeding brow,



Lin - ger no more, O - pen the door, And say to thy Saviour, "Come in, come in."

No. 59.

REFUGE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"God is a refuge for us."—PSALMS, 62: 8

J. W. BISCHOFF.

Tenderly.

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know,
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
 3. Poor and weak and wretched, Full of fears and woe,
 4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed;
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's pow - er. Whith - er shall I go?
 Whith - er shall I journey? Whith - er seek for rest!
 To be free from torment, Whith - er can I go?
 Whith - er, then, ah, whith - er, Can I look for aid?
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to Thee.

Chorus. *Cheerfully.*

To Je - sus! To Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

Sav - iour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The

Saviour so com - pas - sion - ate, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

By permission.

No. 60.

THE PLEADING VOICE.

"It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me."—CANT. v: 2.

REV. JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. I've oft - en heard a plead - ing voice My in - most soul with - in ;
 2. A - las! I oft - en closed my ear, And steeled my stubborn heart ;
 3. My out - ward life seemed glad and gay, But still I had no rest ;

It bade me make my God my choice, And flee the ways of sin.
 The ten - der voice I would not hear, Nor from my sins de - part.
 And still the slighted voice would say, "In God thou may'st be blest."

CHORUS. Not too loud.

How ten - - der its tone, . . . Like a whis - - per it came ;
 How tender its tone, How tender its tone, Like a whisper, Like a whisper it came ;

Softly.
 Whether thronged or a - lone, . . . It was ev - - er the same.
 Whether thronged or alone, Whether thronged or alone, It was ev - er, it was ever the same.

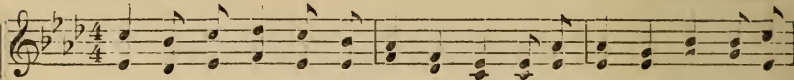
<p>4 At length I yielded, and found peace, And God forgave my sin ; And now, soft whispers never cease, Of peace and joy within. <i>Cho.</i></p>	<p>5 Oh bring to him thy burdened soul, However much oppressed ; [whole, His whisp'ring voice will make thee And give thy conscience rest. <i>Cho.</i></p>
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No. 61. IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

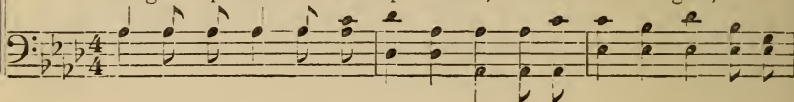

"Written in the Lamb's Book of Life."—REV. 21 : 27.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

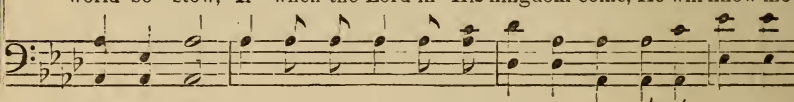
E. S. LORENZ.




1. I do not ask for the pride of earth, For the pride of wealth, or the
2. I do not ask for a glo-rious name, That is writ-ten high on the
3. I do not ask that my earth-ly life Should be free from burdens, and
4. I'd give up all that I hope be-low, All that time can give, or the

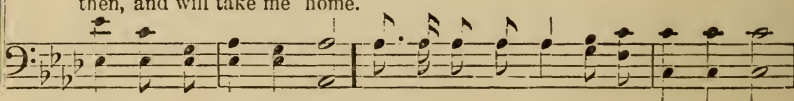
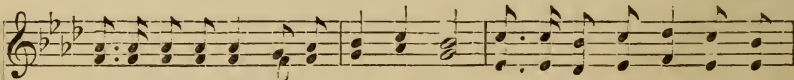
pride of birth ; Be this, the rath-er, my one great care: In the Book of
scroll of Fame: Be this, the rath-er, con-cern of mine, To in - sure it
cares and strife: Nor that its cur - rent have tranquil flow, If but this one
world be - stow, If when the Lord in His kingdom come, He will know me




Chorus.



Life, that my name is there. In the Book of Life, on those pa - ges fair,
there, in that Book di - vine.
thing, I may sure - ly know.
then, and will take me home.

Do the angels see that my name is there? In the Book of Life, on those



IN THE BOOK OF LIFE. Concluded.

pa - ges fair, Is it there? writ - ten there?
Is it there? writ - ten there?

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

No. 62.

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For..

Chorus.

Je - sus, who died, and is now gone a - lone. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. }
glo - ry, [Omrr.....] Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

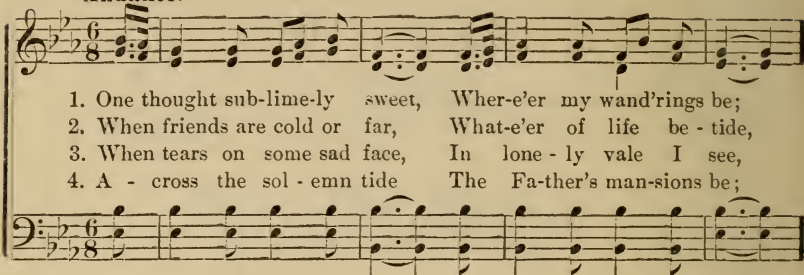
No. 63. THE LORD HATH NEED OF ME.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi : 28.

American Missionary.

D. G. NORRIS.

Andante.

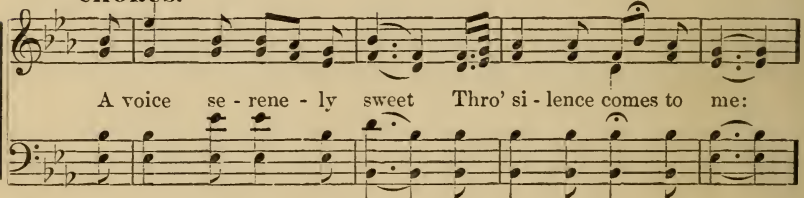


1. One thought sub-lime-ly sweet, Wher-e'er my wand'rings be;
 2. When friends are cold or far, What-e'er of life be-tide,
 3. When tears on some sad face, In lone-ly vale I see,
 4. A - cross the sol - emn tide The Fa-ther's man-sions be;

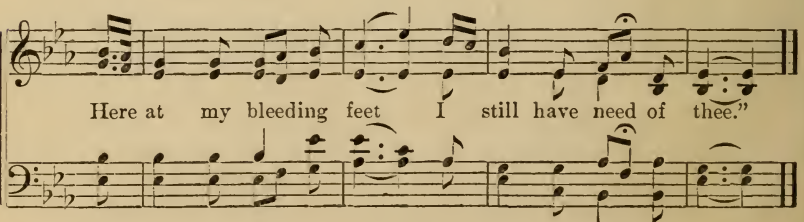


One star to guide my feet; The Lord hath need of me.
 Thou art my guid-ing star; In thee I still a-bide.
 The Lord is in that place; Some soul hath need of me.
 On earth I must a-bide; The Lord hath need of me.

CHORUS.



A voice se-rene-ly sweet Thro' si-lence comes to me:



Here at my bleeding feet I still have need of thee."

5 My longing soul, when thrilled
 By some sweet sounding chord,
 Or with deep sorrow filled,
 To dwell with Christ, my Lord.

6 Dear Lord, I work and wait,
 Where'er thy footsteps be;
 When at thy pearly gate,
 Still, Lord, have need of me.

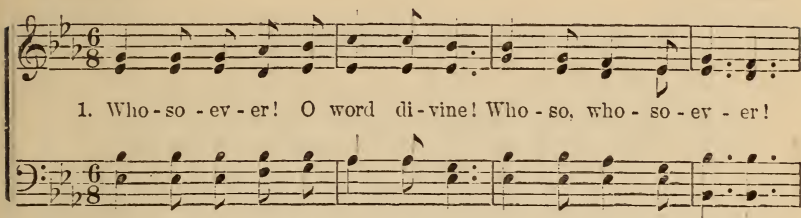
By permission.

No. 64. WONDROUS WHOSOEVER.

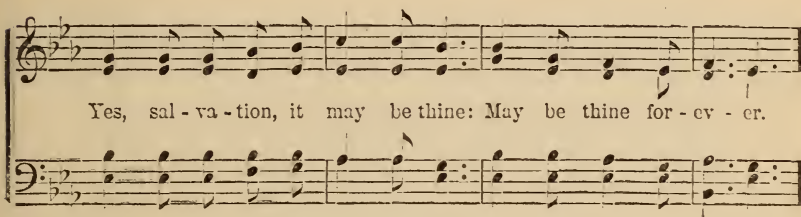
"Whoever will, let him take the waters of life freely."—REV. 22 : 17.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

E. S. LORENZ.

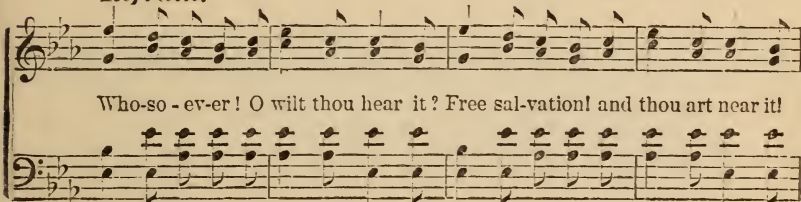


1. Who-so - ev - er! O word di-vine! Who - so, who - so - ev - er!

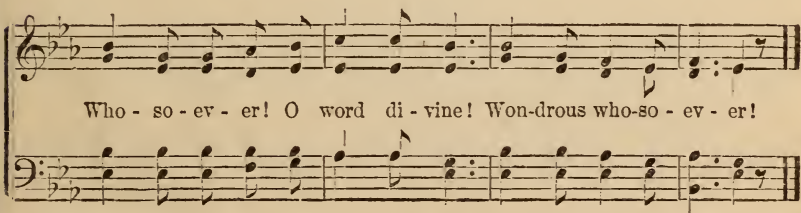


Yes, sal - va - tion, it may be thine: May be thine for - ev - er.

Refrain.



Who-so - ev - er! O wilt thou hear it? Free sal-vation! and thou art near it!



Who - so - ev - er! O word di - vine! Won-drous who-so - ev - er!

- 2 Whosoever! 'Tis Jesus' word!
Word, that changeth never:
Sinner lost, hast thou ever heard?
Whoso, whosoever?
- 3 Whosoever on Christ believes!—
With His blood, He seals it;

- Free forgiveness he there receives:
'Tis God's Word reveals it.
- 4 Whosoever! O wondrous thought!
Thought so high above us:—
That in spite of sin's crimson spot,
He, the Lord, can love us.

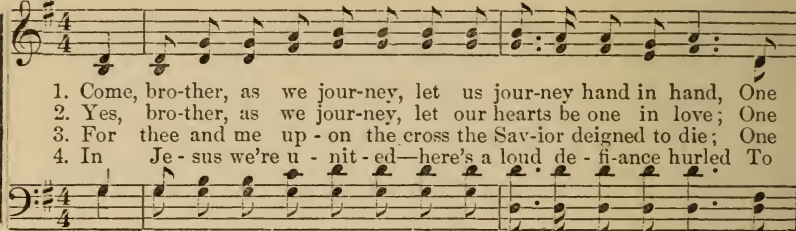
No. 65.

JOURNEY ON TOGETHER.

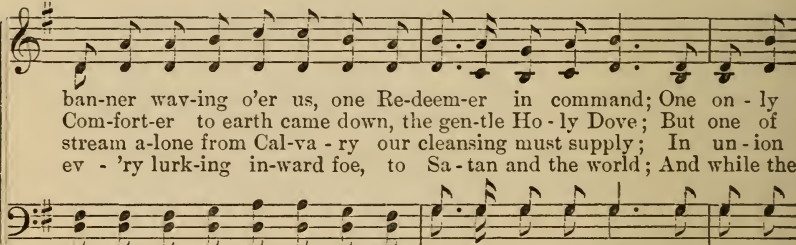
"There is one body and one Spirit, one hope, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all."—EPH. iv : 4, 5, 6.

E. E. HASTY.

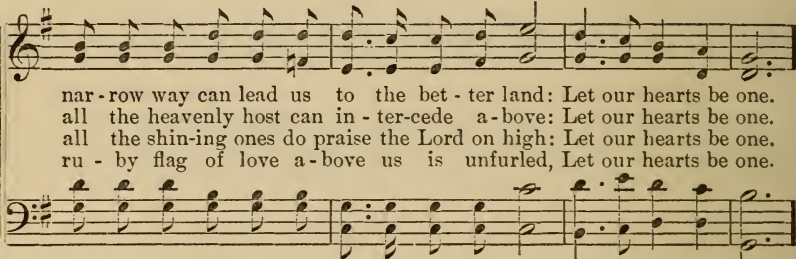
E. E. H. & E. S. L.



1. Come, bro-ther, as we jour-ney, let us jour-ney hand in hand, One
 2. Yes, bro-ther, as we jour-ney, let our hearts be one in love; One
 3. For thee and me up - on the cross the Sav-ior deigned to die; One
 4. In Je - sus we're u - nit - ed—here's a loud de - fi-ance hurled To

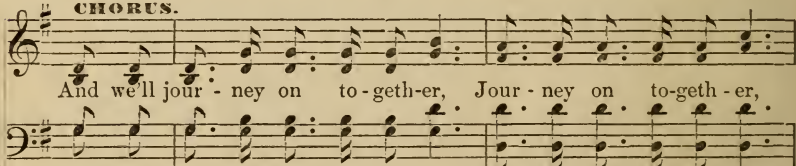


ban-ner wav-ing o'er us, one Re-deem-er in command; One on - ly
 Com-fort-er to earth came down, the gen-tle Ho - ly Dove; But one of
 stream a-lone from Cal-va - ry our cleansing must supply; In un-ion
 ev - 'ry lurk-ing in-ward foe, to Sa - tan and the world; And while the

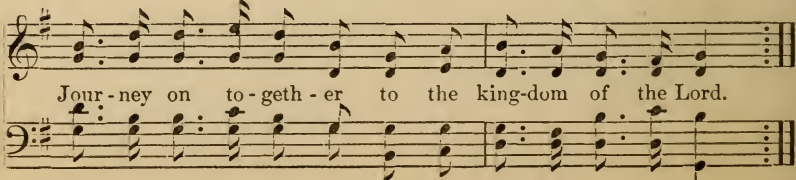


nar-row way can lead us to the bet-ter land: Let our hearts be one.
 all the heavenly host can in - ter-cede a - bove: Let our hearts be one.
 all the shin-ing ones do praise the Lord on high: Let our hearts be one.
 ru - by flag of love a - bove us is unfurled, Let our hearts be one.

CHORUS.



And we'll jour - ney on to-gether, Jour - ney on to-gether,



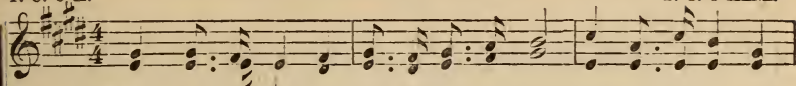
Jour - ney on to-gether to the king-dom of the Lord.

No. 66. SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.*

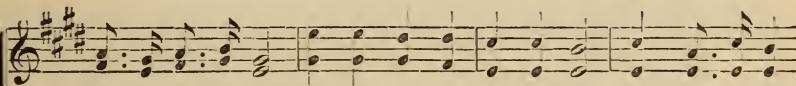
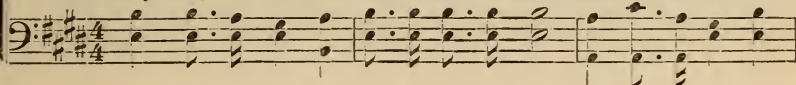
"It is blood that maketh atonement for the soul."—LEV. 17: 11.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.



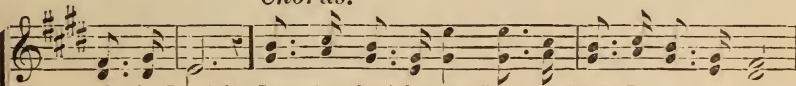
1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in af - fliction's woes Ev - er have found in
3. These, these are they who in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -
4. Safe, safe up-on the ev - er shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
5. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly thine, Dai - ly from sin be



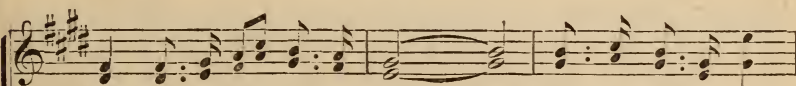
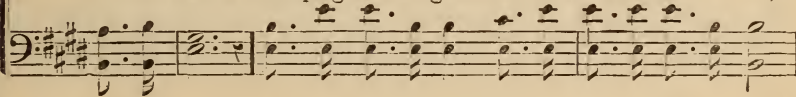
of the si - lent grave, Shout - ing Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood
mid the hot - test fire; Je - sus now says, "Come up higher," Wash'd in the blood
sor - row now are al - lo'er. Happy now and ev - er - more, Wash'd in the blood
kept by power di - vine; Then in heaven the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the blood



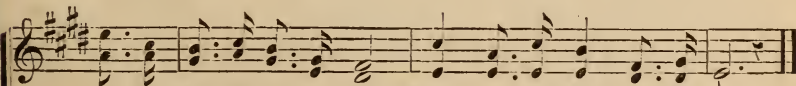
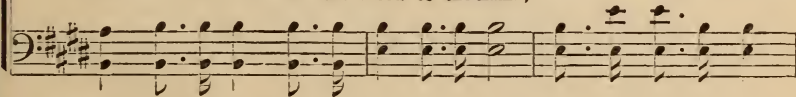
Chorus.



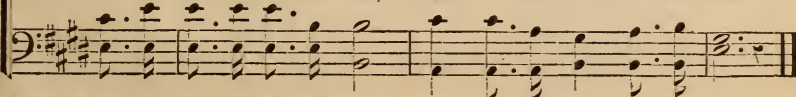
of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,



"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb..... "Sweep - ing thro' the gates
in the blood 'of the Lamb,

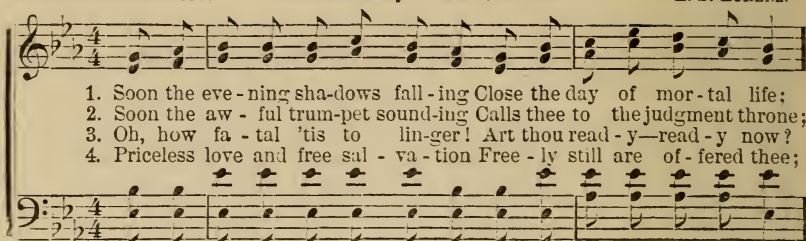


to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

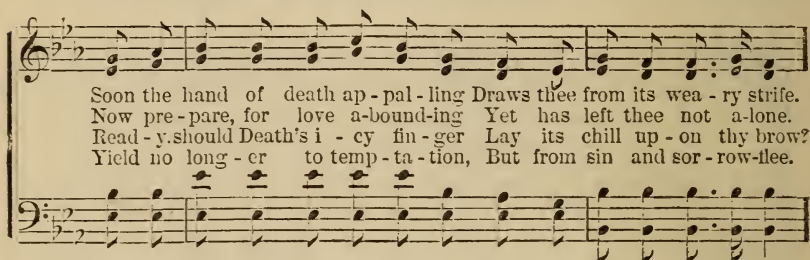


By permission,

* Dying words of the Rev. Alfred Cookman.

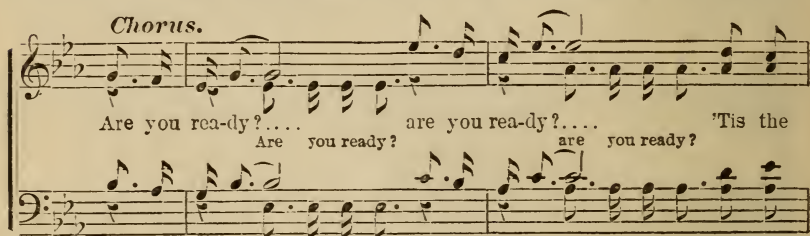


1. Soon the eve-ning sha-dows fall-ing Close the day of mor-tal life;
 2. Soon the aw-ful trum-pet sound-ing Calls thee to the judg-ment throne;
 3. Oh, how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Art thou read-y—read-y now?
 4. Priceless love and free sul-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee;

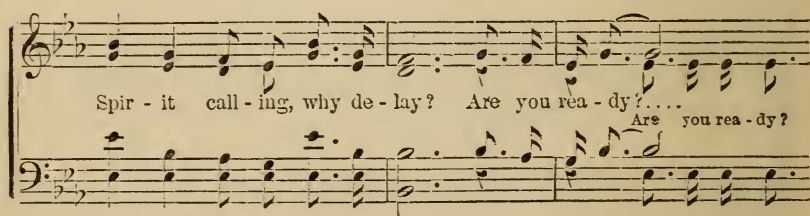


Soon the hand of death ap-pal-ling Draws thee from its wea-ry strife.
 Now pre-pare, for love a-bound-ing Yet has left thee not a-lone.
 Read-y should Death's i-cy fin-ger Lay its chill up-on thy brow?
 Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sor-row-fee.

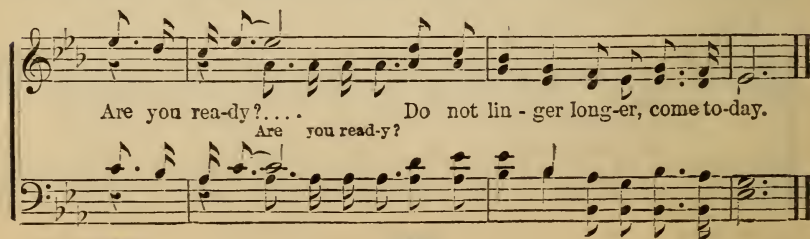
Chorus.



Are you rea-dy?... are you rea-dy?... 'Tis the
 Are you ready? are you ready?



Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you rea-dy?...
 Are you rea-dy?



Are you rea-dy?... Do not lin-ger long-er, come to-day.
 Are you read-y?

No. 68.

REST OF THE WEARY.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii: 24.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, L L D.

W. H. LANTHURN.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drea - ry,
2. Pil low where, ly - ing, Love rests its head; Peace of the dy - ing,

Light of the glad; Home of the stran-ger, Strength to the end, Refuge from
Life of the dead; Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end, Breath of the

CHORUS.
dan - ger, Sav - ior and Friend! Savior and Friend! Savior and
ho - ly, Sav - ior and Friend! Savior and Friend! Savior and

Rit.
Friend! Savior and Friend! Refuge from danger, Savior and Friend!
Savior and Friend! Savior and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Savior and Friend!

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto thee blessing,
Glory and Praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Savior and Friend!

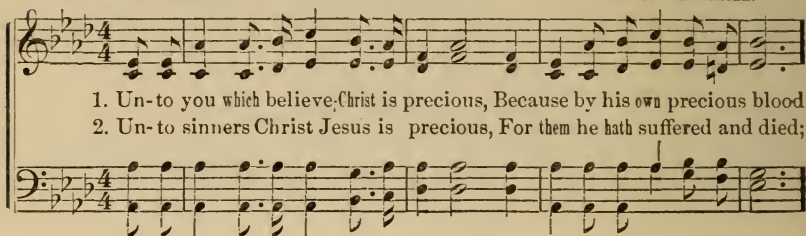
No. 69.

OUR PRECIOUS JESUS.

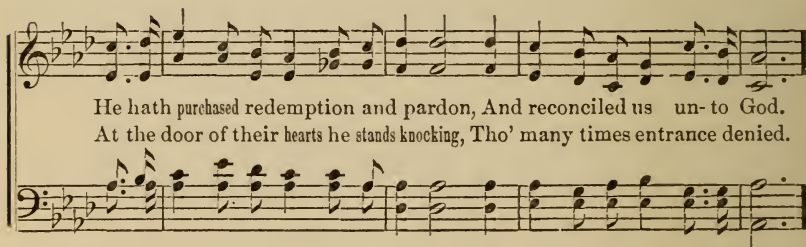
"Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious."—1 PETER ii: 7.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

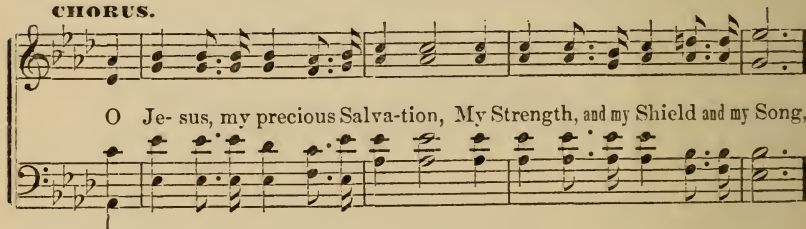


1. Un-to you which believe, Christ is precious, Because by his own precious blood
2. Un-to sinners Christ Jesus is precious, For them he hath suffered and died;

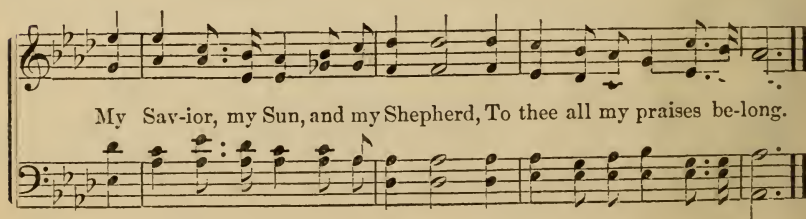


He hath purchased redemption and pardon, And reconciled us un-to God.
At the door of their hearts he stands knocking, Tho' many times entrance denied.

CHORUS.



O Je-sus, my precious Salva-tion, My Strength, and my Shield and my Song,



My Sav-ior, my Sun, and my Shepherd, To thee all my praises be-long.

3 Shall Jesus, your precious Redeemer,
Stand pleading and knocking in
vain?
Oh, hear him, receive him, believe him!
And life everlasting obtain.

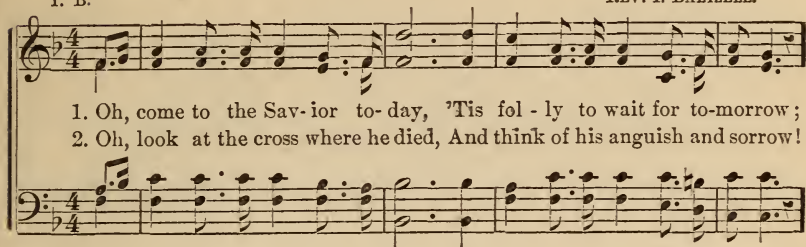
4 The dear Savior to all may be precious;
Whoever believeth shall live;
If any man thirst, to this fountain
Let him come; let him ask and re-
ceive.

No. 70. DON'T WAIT FOR TO-MORROW.

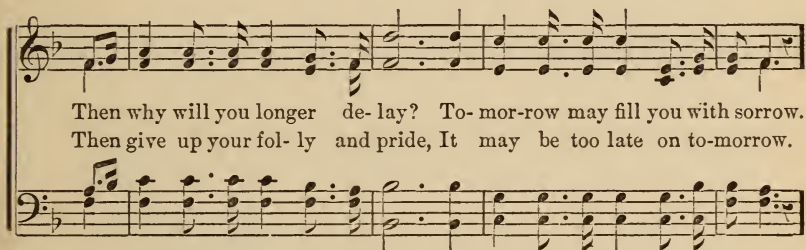
"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—PSA. xlv: 7.

I. B.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

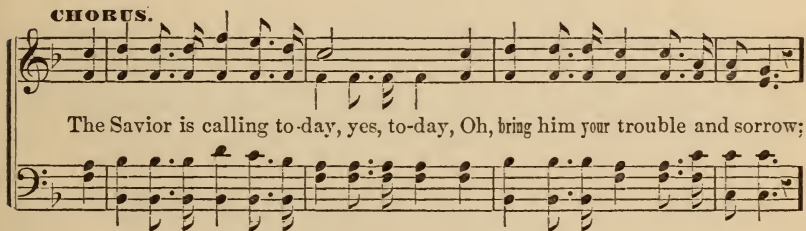


1. Oh, come to the Sav-ior to-day, 'Tis fol-ly to wait for to-morrow;
2. Oh, look at the cross where he died, And think of his anguish and sorrow!

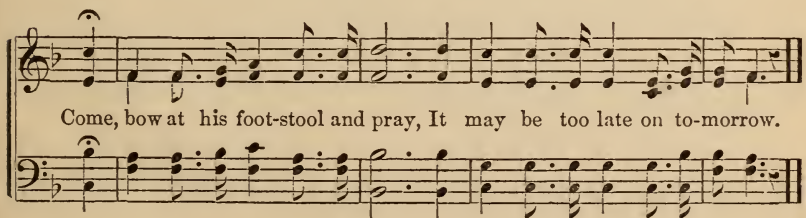


Then why will you longer de-lay? To-mor-row may fill you with sorrow.
Then give up your fol-ly and pride, It may be too late on to-morrow.

CHORUS.



The Savior is calling to-day, yes, to-day, Oh, bring him your trouble and sorrow;



Come, bow at his foot-stool and pray, It may be too late on to-morrow.

3 How many have gone to the grave,
Whose end was destruction and hor-
ror?
Oh, would you have Jesus to save?
Then wait not to seek him to-morrow.

4 Then fly to the Savior to-day,
And walk in the way that is narrow,
'Twill lead you from folly away,
And give you a joyous to-morrow.

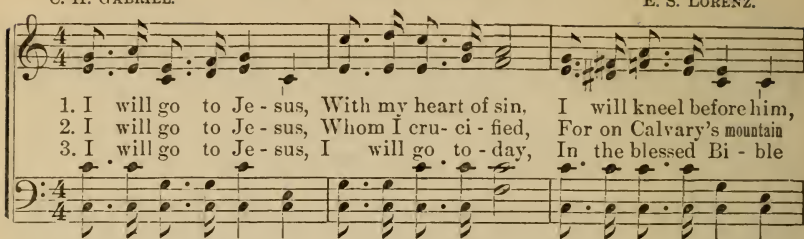
No. 71.

I WILL GO TO JESUS.

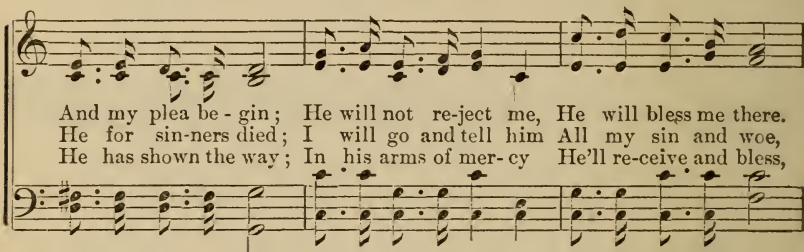
"Incline your ear and come unto me."—ISA. lv: 3.

C. H. GABRIEL.

E. S. LORENZ.

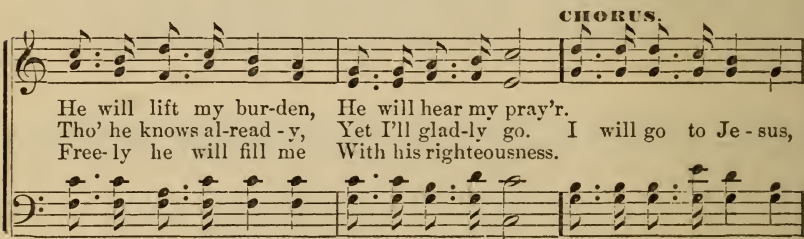


1. I will go to Je - sus, With my heart of sin. I will kneel before him,
 2. I will go to Je - sus, Whom I cru - ci - fied, For on Calvary's mountain
 3. I will go to Je - sus, I will go to - day, In the blessed Bi - ble

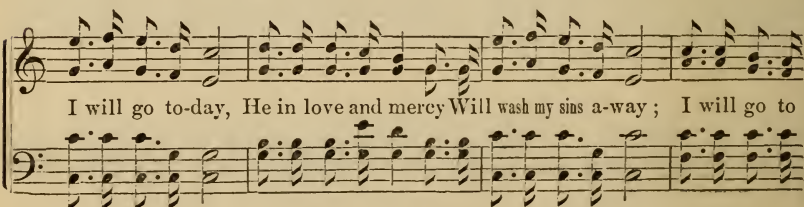


And my plea be - gin; He will not re - ject me, He will bless me there.
 He for sin - ners died; I will go and tell him All my sin and woe,
 He has shown the way; In his arms of mer - cy He'll re - ceive and bless,

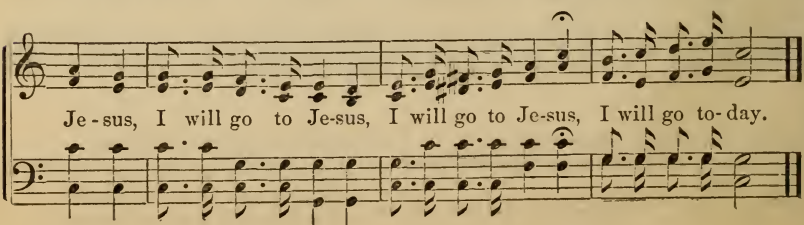
CHORUS.



He will lift my bur - den, He will hear my pray'r.
 Tho' he knows al - read - y, Yet I'll glad - ly go. I will go to Je - sus,
 Free - ly he will fill me With his righteousness.



I will go to - day, He in love and mercy Will wash my sins a - way; I will go to



Je - sus, I will go to Je - sus, I will go to Je - sus, I will go to - day.

No. 72.

THE DOOR IS SHUT.

"The door was shut."—MATT. 25 : 10.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. The door is shut! They knock in vain, They can-not hear-ing gain: They've
 2. The door is shut! God wait - ed long: The cords of love are strong: At
 3. The door is shut! T'will op - en not: The past they can-not blot: Knock-

grieved the Fath - er's love a - way; For - ev - er gone is mer-cy's day; They
 last, compelled to give them up, To drink the sin-ner's dreadful cup, What
 ing with - out, their Lord once stood, Pleading, in vain his precious blood, How

rit.
 wring their hands in pain. The door is shut, the door is shut.
 mem'-ries on them throng, The door is shut, the door is shut.
 changed, a - las! their lot! The door is shut, the door is shut.

(53)

No. 73.

Air—"Sweet By-and-By."

WE will hope, we will trust in the Lord,
 He is faithful and true to the end;
 We can always rely on his word,
 And in him can confide as a friend.

CHO.—In the home of the blest,
 All our labor and toil will be o'er;
 Safe at home we shall rest
 From our labor and toil evermore.

Let us follow the Savior of love,
 For the burden is easy and light,
 And the mansions are ready above,
 In the land of eternal delight.

In that beautiful home of the blest
 There's no sickness or sorrow of heart,
 There the weary forever shall rest,
 And the faithful receive their reward.

We will wait, we will labor and pray,
 We will watch tho' the night seemeth long
 For we soon shall enjoy the bright day,
 And will join in the beautiful song.

There the Savior of sinners we'll see,
 Who hath triumph'd o'er death and the
 And with him we forever shall be, [grave
 Who is willing and able to save.

—Rev. S. Vonneida.

No. 74. "PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

C. E. P.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. v:17.

CHESTER E. POND.

1. { My Lord and my Sav - ior, Cre - a - tor and King,
 2. { My soul is in rapt - ures, Thou reign - est with - in,
 3. { How bril - liant my path - way when Thou art my Light,
 3. { How hon - ored and glo - rious Thy tem - ple to be,
 3. { How sweet my com - mun - ion when low at Thy feet;
 3. { Now con - sci - ous - ly feel - ing Thy Spir - it's con - trol,

Thy love and Thy glo - ry for - ev - er I'll sing;
 To car - ry my bur - dens and . . . } cleanse me from sin.
 How clear is my vis - ion when Thou art my Sight, }
 And know that thou dwellest each . . . } mo - ment in me.
 Ful - fill - ing Thy will is my drink and my meat, }
 With joy I sur - ren - der my . . . } bod - y and soul.

CHORUS.

Ô help me re - mem - ber by night and by day, To "Pray with - out

ceas - ing," Thy word to o - bey! For noth - ing so pure and so

pre - cious to me, As se - cret and constant com - mun - ion with thee.

No. 75.

REVIVE THY WORK.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare ;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death ;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick - en the smoldering em - bers now, By Thy al - might - y breath.
D.S. The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless - ing, Lord, be ours. *Fine.*

Refrain.
Re - vive, re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Oh, send re - fresh - ing showr's ! *D.S.*

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Exalt Thy precious name,
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

No. 76.

HASTE, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rain descends, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

Oh, yet a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain;
A hiding place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come!

Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. vii : 7.

MAUD.

E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

1. A-lone I stand outside the clos-ed door, Within is light and
 2. But I am bur-dened sore with guilt and sin, For I have scoffed at
 3. He died for me! then will I doubt no more; Oh, wondrous love! oh,

warmth and shelter free; I knock with eager, trembling hands and ask, May
 mer-cy's of-ers free; Have scorned the love I now so long to win; Then
 love so full and free; He died for me! wide o-pen stands the door, And

CHORUS.

I come in? oh, is there room for me? Yes, there is room and shelter
 can these precious words be meant for me? For you, for all, no mat-ter
 I am saved because he died for me. Aye, safe at last, safe, safe with-

here for all! Yes, Jesus bids each wand'rer welcome home! He stands with
 what your guilt, His precious blood will cleanse you from all sin; He died for
 in the fold, No more to stand without in doubt and fear; No more to

AT THE DOOR. Concluded.

yearning heart and outstretched hands; Hear what he says: "And all who will may come."
 you, for you his blood was spilt; Fear not to trust him, freely en - ter in.
 wander in the storm or cold; Oh, ransomed soul, your resting-place is here!

No. 78. DEATH AND ETERNITY.

"Set thine house in order."—ISA. xxxviii : 1.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
 Feelingly.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Com - ing when the day is bright, Com - ing in the
 2. Com - ing to the gay and proud, Com - ing with a
 3. Com - ing with un - hin - dered sway, Com - ing ev - 'ry
 4. Com - ing to the sin - ful one, Com - ing when our

si - lent night, Com - ing at the morn - ing light,
 snow-white shroud, Com - ing to the gray head bowed,
 fleet - ing day, Com - ing to the young and gay,
 life is done, Gath - 'ring to the judg - ment throne,

p **Slow ad lib.** **Echo.**
 Com-ing, com-ing, death and e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 79.

EVERGREEN PLAIN.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty."—ISA. xxxiii: 17.

I. B.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, In that clime where an-gels dwell;
2. Shall we meet where flow'rs are blooming, Ev - er fade-less, ev - er fair;

Shall we meet where friendship never Sad-dest tales of sor - row tell?
Where the light of day il - lum - ing, Lives of those who en - ter there?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, . . . shall we meet, . . . Shall we meet on the evergreen
Shall we meet, shall we meet,

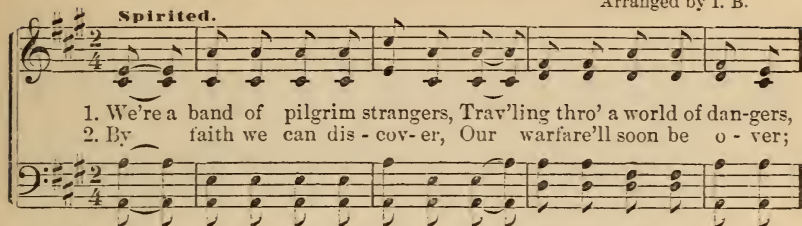
plain? Shall we meet and know each other ever? Shall we never part a-gain?
shall we meet,

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Shall we meet our loved companions
On that brighter, fairer shore?
When this life's great work is ended,
Shall we meet to part no more?</p> | <p>4 Yes! we'll meet beyond the river,
Yes! we'll meet upon the shore;
Yes! we'll meet our lost companions;
Yes! we'll meet to part no more.</p> |
|--|--|

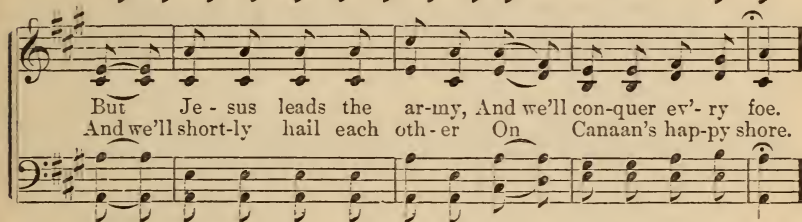
No. 80. KEEP YOUR LAMPS BURNING.

"Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps."—MATT. XXV: 7.
Arranged by I. B.

Spirited.

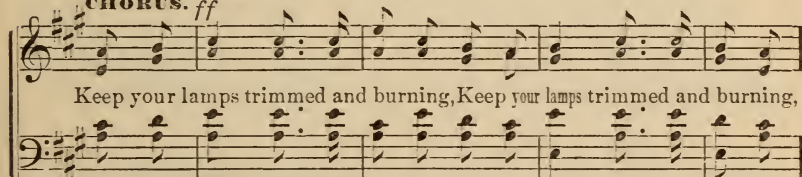


1. We're a band of pilgrim strangers, Trav'ling thro' a world of dan-gers,
2. By faith we can dis-cov-er, Our warfare'll soon be o-ver;

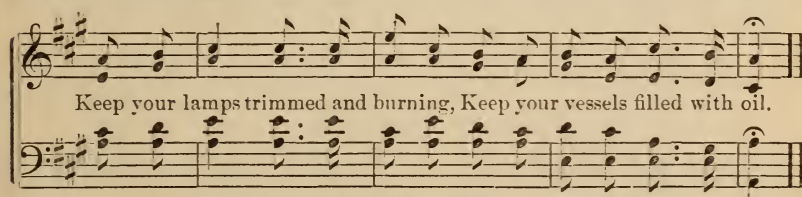


But Je-sus leads the ar-my, And we'll con-quer ev'-ry foe.
And we'll short-ly hail each oth-er On Canaan's hap-py shore.

CHORUS. ff



Keep your lamps trimmed and burning, Keep your lamps trimmed and burning,



Keep your lamps trimmed and burning, Keep your vessels filled with oil.

3 Ye saints of God, take courage, [age;
You shall soon be free from bond-
For Jesus heads the army,
And you'll surely gain the day.

4 Come, all ye valiant soldiers,
Be armed with truth and courage;
You must conquer all the nations
Who oppose this heavenly war.

5 We'll have a shout in glory,
While we tell this blessed story,
And we'll keep ourselves all ready
To hail the heavenly King.

6 O, what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And the saints of God are shouting
In the kingdom of the Lord.

No. 81.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now, Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

10 If you'll trust him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

No. 82.

"ALMOST PERSUADED."

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS xxvi : 28.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

Gently.

1. "Al - most persuad - ed" to leave the ways of sin; "Al - most per-
 2. "Al - most persuad - ed!" what is it keeps you back? "Al - most per-
 3. "Al - most persuad - ed!" why not re - pent to - day? "Al - most per-
 4. "Al - most persuad - ed" will not a - vail at last; "Al - most per-

sua - ed" to let the Sav - ior in; "Al - most per - sua - ed" to
 sua - ed!" what is it yet you lack? "Al - most per - sua - ed," the
 sua - ed!" Oh, come with - out de - lay! "Al - most per - sua - ed" will
 sua - ed" will bring a bit - ter past; Ful - ly per - sua - ed will

give your wand'rings o'er; "Almost persuad - ed" to o - pen now the door.
 Sav - ior bids you come! "Al - most per - sua - ed," yet still in sin you roam.
 nev - er give thee rest; "Al - most per - sua - ed" can nev - er calm thy breast.
 bring you joy and peace; Ful - ly per - sua - ed will bring a sweet release.

No. 83.

THE SINNER INVITED.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."—NUM. x : 29.

REV. C. B. DAVIDSON.

Old Spiritual.

1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of heav - en, }
 Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en? }
 D. C. And the leaves of the bowers In the soft winds are flit - ting?

THE SINNER INVITED. Concluded.

Where the bright, blooming flowers Are their o - dors e - mit-ting,

2 Where the saints robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin or dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 Where the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing,
There our bliss ne'er shall cloy,
To that land we are going:
Then, say, will you go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know
Have but dazzled to blind you.

4 Will you go to that land
Where your friends wait to greet
There a beautiful band [you?
Join with us to entreat you:
They are waiting above,
Waiting happy to hail you,
In those regions of love
Where no ills can assail you.

5 Christ prepared thee a home;
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come;
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come!
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

No. 84. CHRIST ALONE CAN SAVE YOU.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS iv: 12.

Arranged by I. B.

1. Tho' thy face were bathed in tears, Weep - ing will not save you; }
Could not wash the sins of years; Christ a - lone can save you. }

D. C. Mourn - er, would you now be free? Christ a - lone can save you.

CHORUS.
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Died that he might save you;

2 Purest deeds that you can do
Will not bless or save you,—
Can not form thy soul anew;
Christ alone can save you.

Chorus.

3 At the gate you waiting lie,—
Waiting will not save you;

Look to Christ, in him rely;
He alone can save you.

Chorus.

4 To the arms of Jesus run;
He will bless and save you:
Trust the work that he has done;
Faith in Christ will save you. *Cho.*

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

KUMLER. L. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

OTTERBEIN. L. M.
Majestically.

W. A. OGDEN.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet;
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No,—when I blush, be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tear to wipe—no good to crave,
No fears to quell—no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for Thee—
Its sure support; its noblest end.
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend,

I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Savior I would live—
'To Him who for my ransom died:
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose,

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn:
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore Thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep?
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Savior's power.

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received!
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

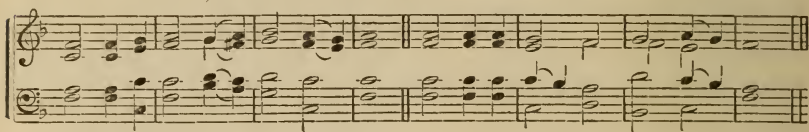
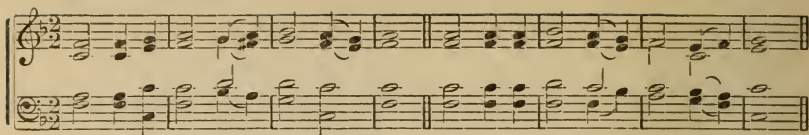
SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel, we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

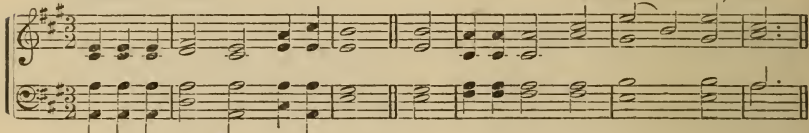
HAMBURG. L. M.

Gregorian.



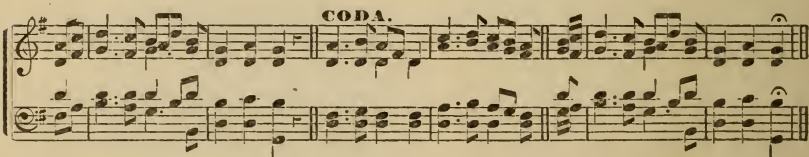
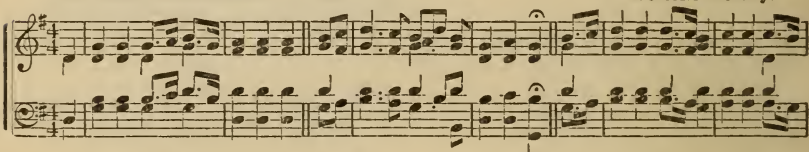
WARE. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



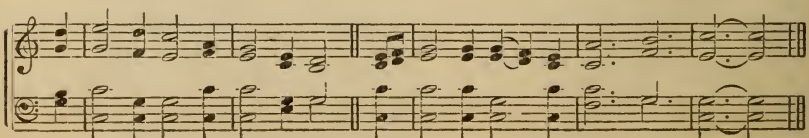
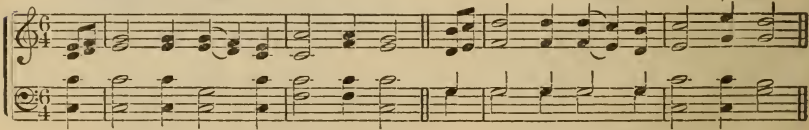
LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Western Melody.



RETREAT. L. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1840.



93.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

94.

AS, when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.

So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

95.

THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Savior done for you!
And what for Him will ye not do!

Oh, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

96.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

97.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHORUS.—Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin!
Oh keep him no more out at the door
But let the dear Savior come in.

Oh, lovely attitude,—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands.
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

But will he prove a friend indeed!
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 't is he,
With garments died on Calvary.

Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly stranger in.

98.

AWAKE, my soul to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from me—
His loving-kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruined in the Fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, O how great!

Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day!
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

99.

OH happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He taught me first to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day.

Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

Oh happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to His altar now I move.

'T is done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

100.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

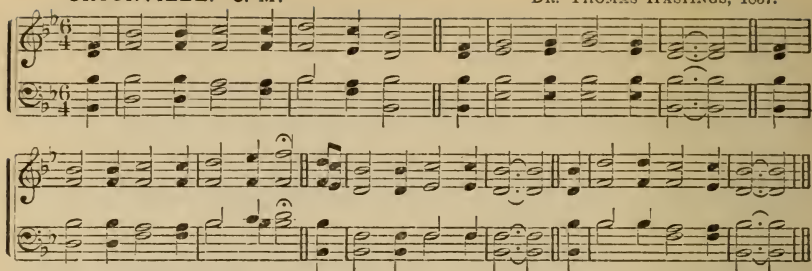
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord
And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

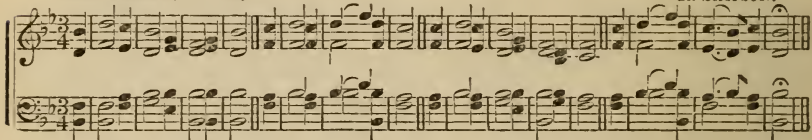
ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



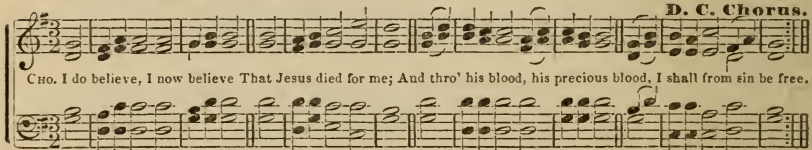
BALERMA. C. M.

R. SIMPSON.



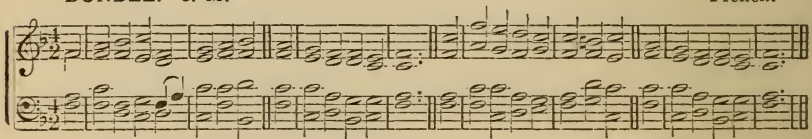
I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

D. C. Chorus.



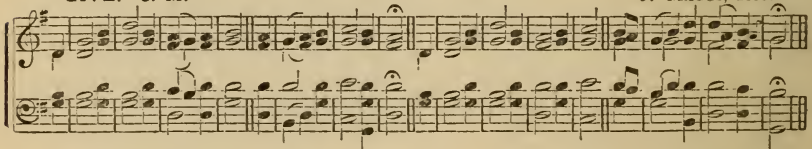
DUNDEE. C. M.

French.



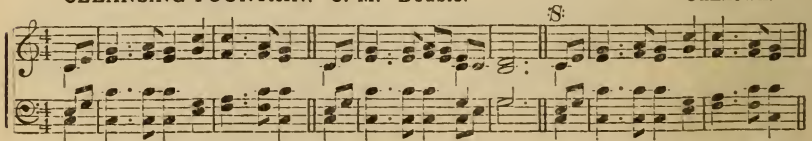
GIVE. C. M.

J. GRIGGS, 1859.



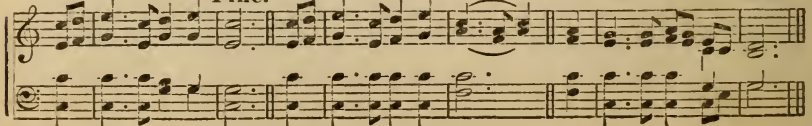
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M. Double.

Unknown.



Fine.

D. S.



101.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear:
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

102.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

103.

OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord!
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

Return, O, holy Dove return,
Sweet messenger of rest
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove me from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

104.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.

Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

105.

OH, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, what'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

106.

FOR a heart to praise my God.
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

107.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

108.

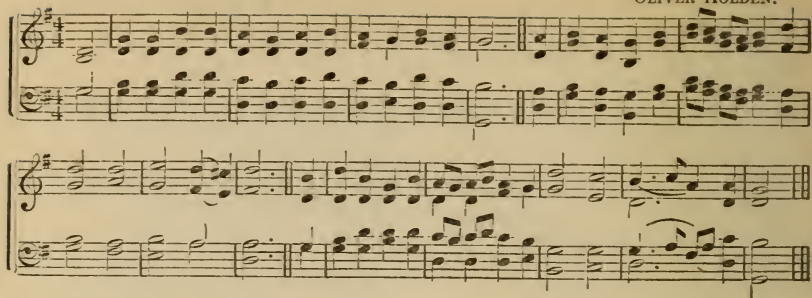
WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

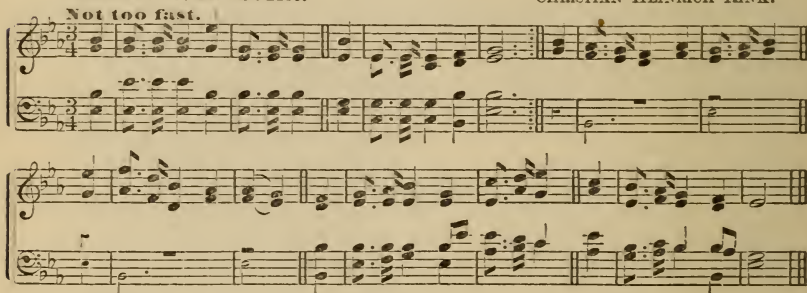
CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



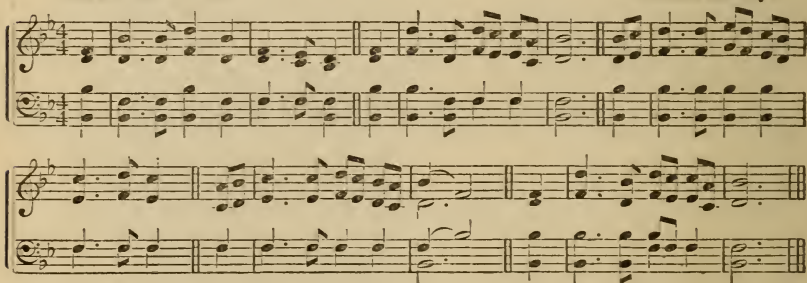
VARINA. C. M. Double.

CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK.



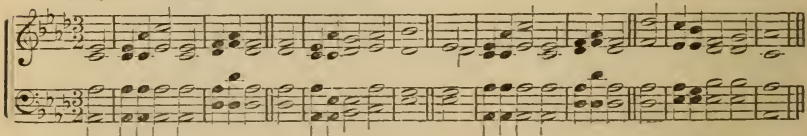
EMMONS. C. M.

German Melody.



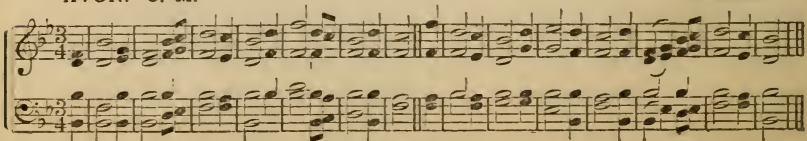
SHUEY. C. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



AVON. C. M.

Scottish.



109.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

110.

FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of His grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

111.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?

Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood.
And bear Thy witness, with my heart,
That I am born of God.

112.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known:
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in:
Now Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart:
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love

113.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
The gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes.

114.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest.
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus, as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad.
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

115.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

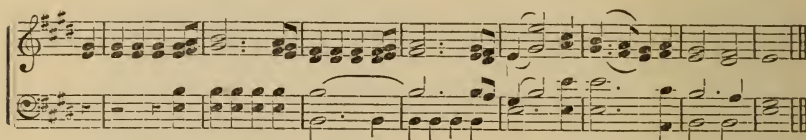
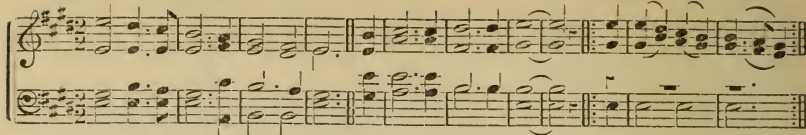
When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

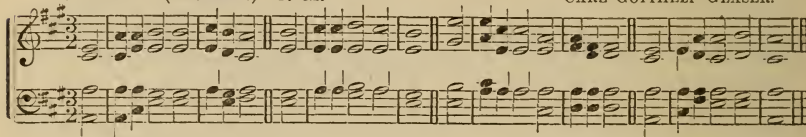
ANTIOCH. C. M.

From GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.



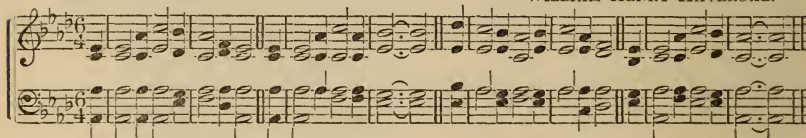
AZMON. (Denfield.) C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



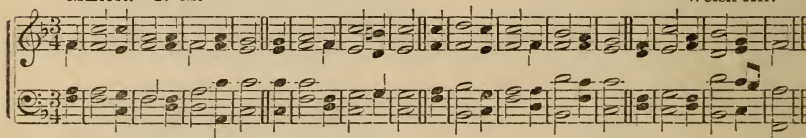
EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



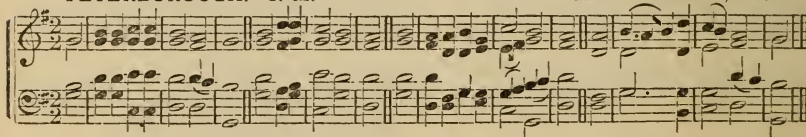
MEAR. C. M.

Welsh Air.



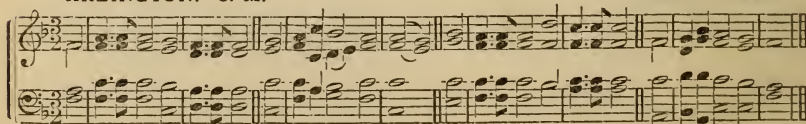
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON, 1786.



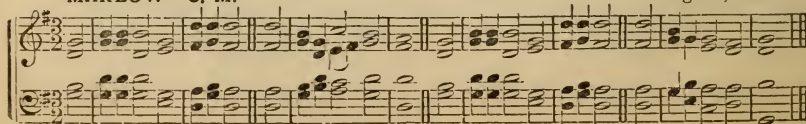
ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



MARLOW C. M.

English, 1810.



116.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing,
 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 No more let sins and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground,
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found,
 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

117.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
 Accept the praise I bring.

118.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go;
 What did thine only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death?
 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes;
 O, may I now receive that gift;
 My soul, without it, dies,

119.

LAS! and did my Savior bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
 CHO.—Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me,
 Yes! Jesus died for all mankind,
 Bless God! salvation's free.
 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin!
 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'T is all that I can do,

120.

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love!
 And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.

CHORUS:

Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Oh, that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more,
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before!
 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see
 And never part again.

Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways,
 That we with those we love may join
 In never-ending praise,

121.

AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 A bright, immortal crown.
 'T is God's all animating voice
 That calls me from on high;
 'T is his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye,
 A cloud of witnesses around,
 Hold thee in full survey:
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
 Blest Savior—introduced by thee
 Have we our race begun:
 And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

122.

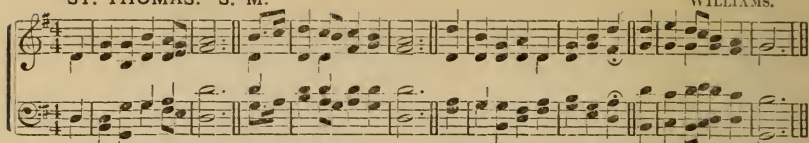
HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say—
 "In Zion let us all appear—
 And keep the solemn day!"
 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace, built for God,
 To show his milder face.
 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred, dwell
 There God, my Savior, reigns.

123.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near,
 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.
 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

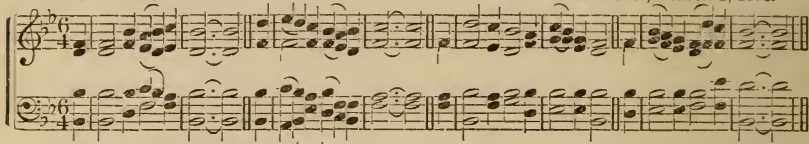
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



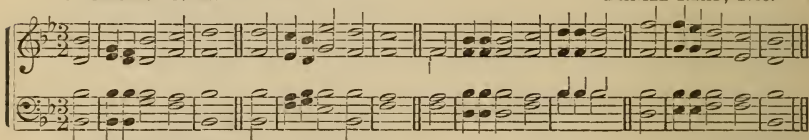
PARTING. S. M.

W. H. LANTHURN, March 2, 1874.



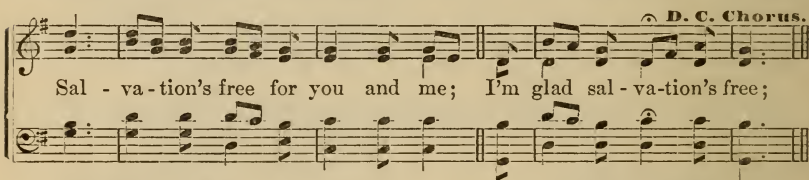
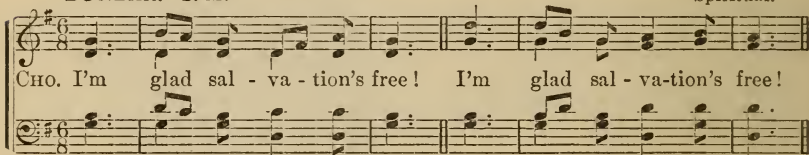
LISBON. S. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.



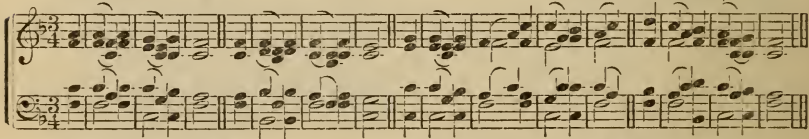
DUNBAR. S. M.

Spiritual.



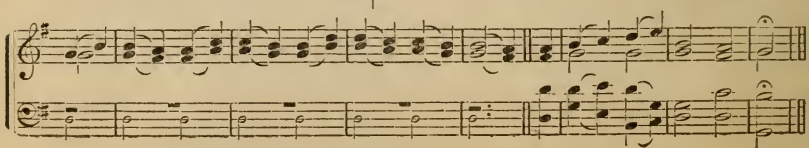
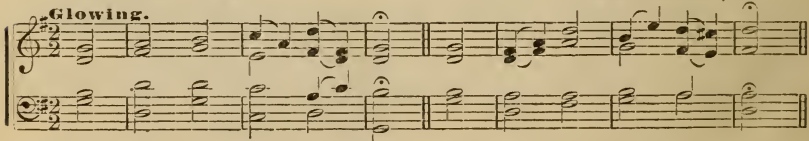
DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI, 1773.



SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



124.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode—
The church our blessed Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

125.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save,

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

126.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

127.

MY soul, be on thy guard:
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

128.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
Me calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

129.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer world's on high.

130.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for me.

He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

131.

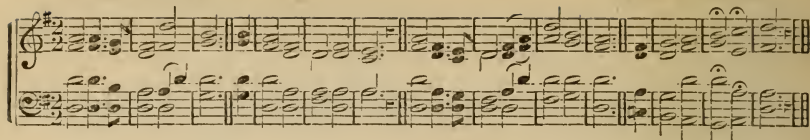
ONCE more, before we part,
Oh! bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Lord! in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

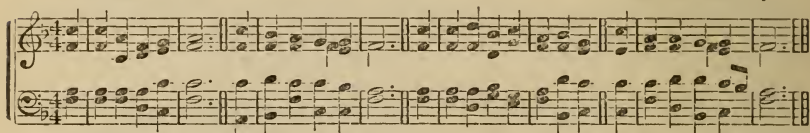
PRAISE S. M.

W. H. LANTHURN.



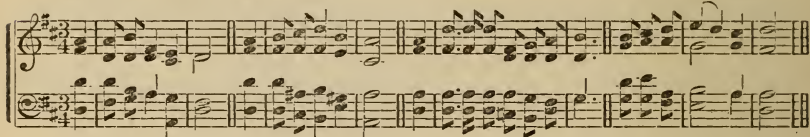
BADEA. S. M.

German Melody.

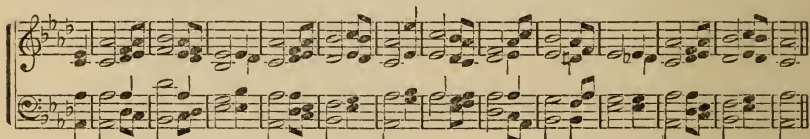


MARSHALL. S. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

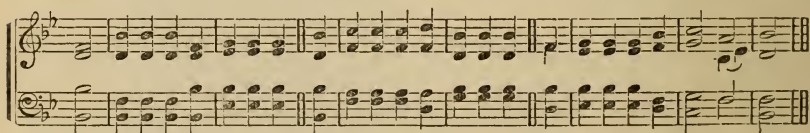
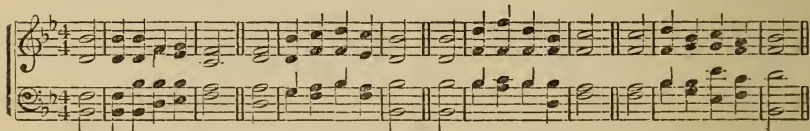


KENTUCKY. S. M.

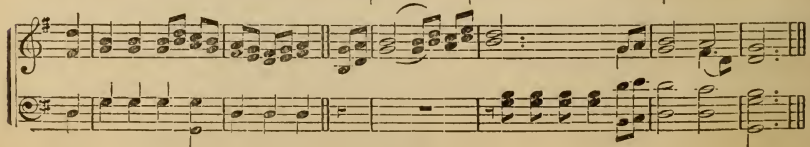
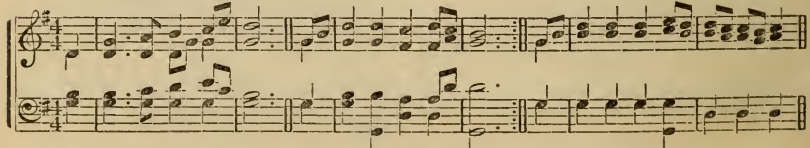


LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.



LISCHER. H. M.



132.

O H, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHO.—[There'll be no more sorrow there,]
In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music cheer me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven!

133.

H OW sweet the cheering words,
"Whoever will" may come;
The door of mercy open stands,
As yet there still is room.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

'T is the "accepted time,"
The day of grace and love;
And God invites "whoever will"
His faithfulness to prove.

The Savior sits on high,
The proof that all is done;
And sinners now God can accept
Through his beloved Son.

134.

A ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face!
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford.
And hides our life above.

135.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Savior's name.

Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing—how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing.
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King,

Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

136.

G RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

137.

A ND let our bodies part—
To different climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

138.

W ELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers.
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

139.

A RISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of his son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

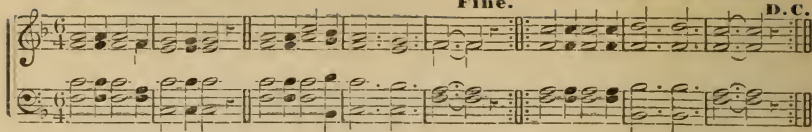
My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

Fine.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

D. C.

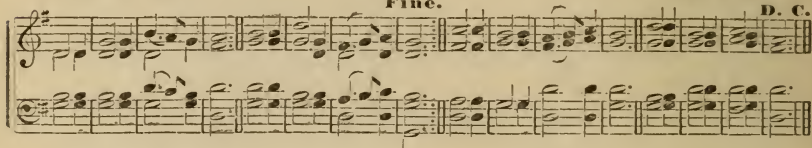


GUIDE. 7s. D.

Fine.

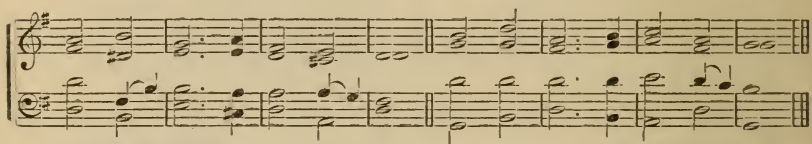
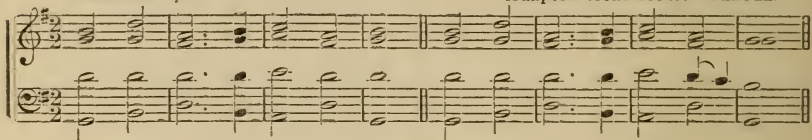
WELLS, 1863.

D. C.



PLEYEL. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.



ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

D. C.



HEAVENLY KING. 7s. D.

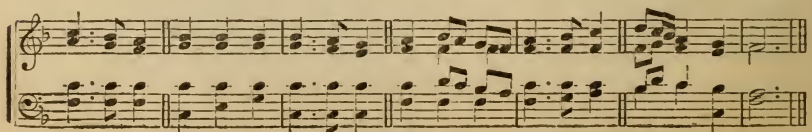
American Melody.

D. C.



AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY, Obit. 1743.



140.

JESUS ! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide—
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is staid :
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing

141.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself invites thee near,
 Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
 Show me what I have to do ;
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy peoples' death.

142.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin will not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;
 In my hands no price I bring ;
 Simply to the cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

143.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Oh, do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

Send some message to us, Lord,
 That may joy and peace afford ;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

144.

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side,

Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land ;
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Ever-present, truest Friend,
 Ever near thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wond'ring if our names are there :
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood—
 Whisper softly, wanderer come,
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

145.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee !

146.

MY country ! 'tis of thee, X —
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

Our father's God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing—
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

147

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary ;
 Savior divine :
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart,
 Strength to my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire ;
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

TURN TO THE LORD. 8s & 7s.

Fine.

D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

CHORUS. **D. C.**

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

American Spiritual.

Cho. I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in his arms;

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior Oh, there are ten thousand charms!

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1st. **2d.** **D. C.**

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Fine. **1st.** **2d.** **D. C.**

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

148.

COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.

149.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name,
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

Now, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till your better,
— You will never come at all.

150.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops! my soul dewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

151.

EVER would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Savior's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

How, to all the sick and tearful,
Help was ever gladly shown;
How he sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and his own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words, he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

How the flock he gently leadeth,
Whom his Father gave him here;
How his arms he widely spreadeth,
To his heart to draw us near.

152.

PRAISE the Lord; ye heavens! adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

153.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake our sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

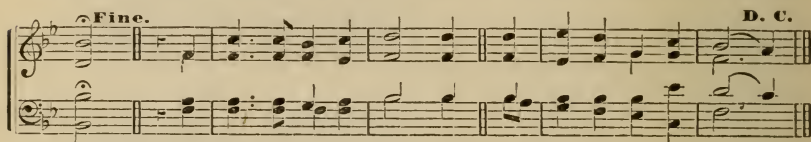
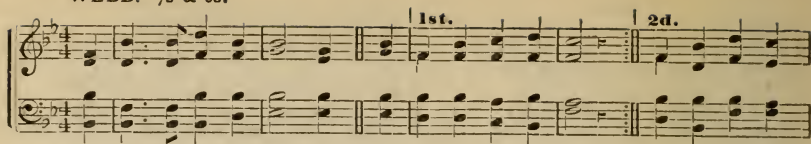
Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

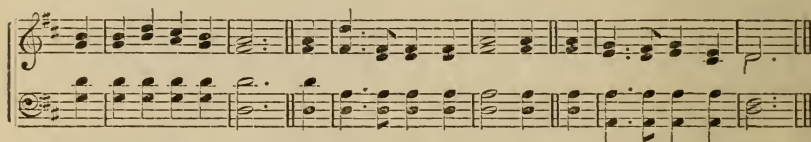
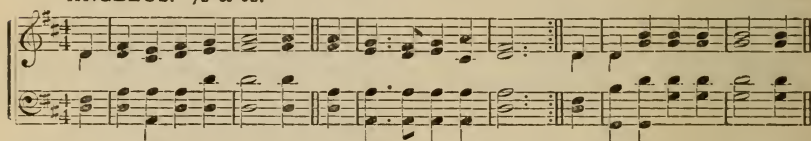
154.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness,

Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

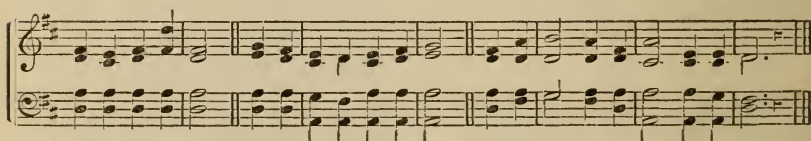


ANGELUS. 7s & 6s.



SAW YE MY SAVIOR?

American Spiritual.



No. 154.

- 1 Saw ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior,
Saw ye my Savior and God?
Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Sav-
Prince, and the Author of peace! [ior!
Oh! he burst the bars of death,

And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

- 4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee forgive!"
- 5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive."

155.

THE morning light is breaking, 7—
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower.
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour;
 Each cry to heaven going
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Savior's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

Blest river of salvation!
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not, till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

156.

PRAY when the dawn is beaming
 Upon the sunny hills.
 When half the world is dreaming
 On scenes which fancy fills;
 Pray at the silent hour,
 As pensively you stray
 By mead or fragrant bower,
 To while the time away;
 Pray when the evening closes—
 All nature sinks to rest—
 Beast in the lair repose,
 Bird in the downy nest;
 Pray at the midnight season,
 Enveloped in its gloom;
 Oh, then, indeed, there's reason—
 'Tis kindred to the tomb.

157.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's choral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

158.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus! 4—
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed,

Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day;
 Ye that are men! now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He, with the King of glory,
 Shall reign eternally.

159.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?

Then from the lofty mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly,
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply:
 High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All "Hallelujah" swelling
 In one eternal sound.

160.

OH, what if we are Christ's,
 Is earthly shame or loss?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them, in faith, to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
 May be our portion here.

No. 161.

OH, THERE WILL BE MOURNING!

1. Oh, there will be mourn-ing! Mourn-ing, mourn-ing, mourn-ing!
 Oh, there will be mourn-ing At the judg-ment-seat of Christ!
 Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,

Parents and children there will part,

Will part to meet no more.

2 Wives and husbands there will part.

6 Teachers and children there will part.

3 Brothers and sisters there will part.

7 Oh, there will be shouting!

4 Friends and neighbors there will part.

Saints and angels there will meet,

5 Pastors and people there will part.

Will meet to part no more.

No. 162.

HE WAS FOUND WORTHY. L. M.

CHORUS.

He was found worthy! Oh, the

bleeding Lamb! Oh, the bleeding Lamb! Oh, the bleeding Lamb! He was found worthy!

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and, lo! 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Tho' sin and sorrow wounds my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:

Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love—for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my mown;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves can love enough?

SEND US A BLESSING. L. M.

American Spiritual.

D. C.

CHORUS.—O Lord, send us a blessing,

And, O Lord, send us a blessing;

And, O Lord, send us a blessing;

Oh, send us a blessing from heaven above!

163.

OH, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the free !
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
me !
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand

CHO.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love—
Mighty to save.

Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine
No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of his face !

Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !
No wound hath the soul that his blood can
not cure ;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

O Jesus, the crucified ! thee will I sing !
My blessed Redeemer ! my God and my King.
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave.
And triumph in death in the mighty to save.

164.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear ;
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

165.

OH, that my load of sin were gone ;
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

Fain would I learn of thee my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

166.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound ;
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide ;
We're homeward bound ;
Far from the safe quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars ;

We're homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound ;
Steady, O Pilot, stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh ! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail
We're homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

167.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine :
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace ;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

168.

I HAVE sought round this verdant earth
For unfading joys :
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy,
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free ;
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress :
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless ;
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my wavering soul with grief ;
What shall give relief ?
What shall give peace ?

I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away ;
I then trusted thy holy word,
Which taught me to pray.
There I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore ;
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power,
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strain shall move,
Forever more.

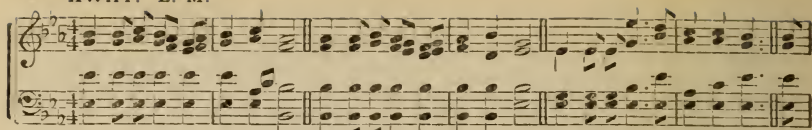
169.

WHEN, O my Savior, shall it be
That I no more shall break with thee ?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace ?

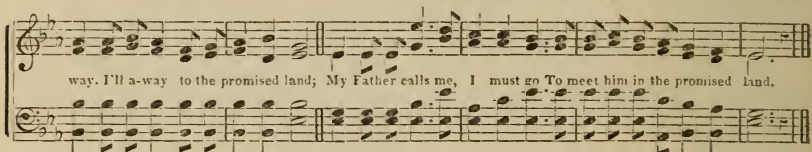
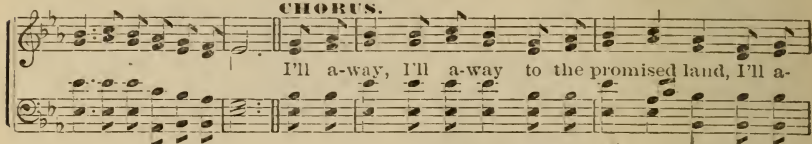
Now I repent : now sin again ;
Now I revive ; and now am slain ;
Slain with the same malignant dart
Which, oh, too often wounds thy heart.

When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,—
The fullness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love ?

AWAY. L. M.

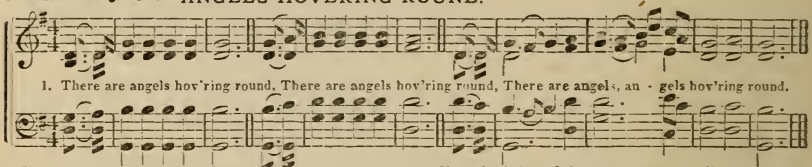


CHORUS.



way. I'll a-way to the promised land; My Father calls me, I must go To meet him in the promised land.

No. 170. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



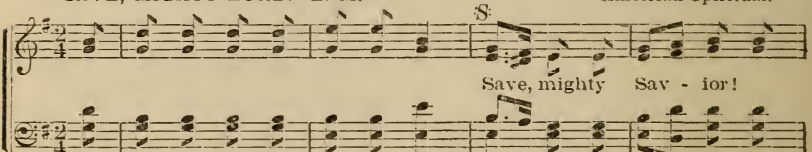
1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, an - gels hov'ring round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home,
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,
- 6 Let him that heareth come,

- 7 The Spirit whispers, "Come,"
- 8 Whoever will, may come,
- 9 And full salvation find,
- 10 In Jesus' precious blood,
- 11 Oh, come, while yet there's room.

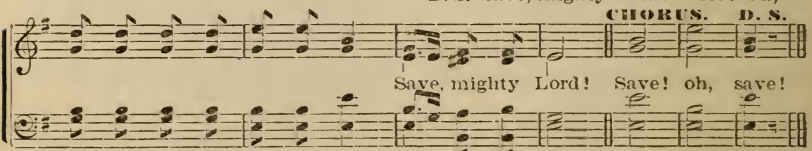
SAVE, MIGHTY LORD. L. M.

American Spiritual.



Save, mighty Sav - ior!

D. S. Save, mighty Sav - ior! Oh,

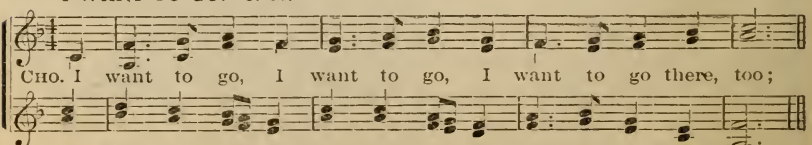


CHORUS. D. S.

Save, mighty Lord! Save! oh, save!

send con-vert-ing pow - er down!

I WANT TO GO. C. M.



CHO. I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there, too;

I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there, too.

171.

I HAVE a Father in the promised land !
 My Father calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,
 My Father calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.

I have a Savior in the promised land ;
 My Savior calls me, I must go
 To meet him in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, etc.

I have a crown in the promised land ;
 When Jesus calls me, I must go
 To wear it in the promised land.
 I'll away, I'll away, etc.

I hope to meet you in the promised land ;
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,
 We'll praise him in the promised land.
 We'll away, we'll away, etc.

172.

SHOW pity, Lord ! O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live :
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass,
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offenses pain mine eyes.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

173.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease ?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord ?
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

174.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see !
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow-
 Have all lost their sweetness to me ; [ers,
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

His name yield the richest perfume.
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice ;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I—
 My summer would last all the year

My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine ?
 And why are my winters so long ?
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sight,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

175.

JESUS, my all to heaven is gone—
 He, whom I fixed my hopes upon :
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not ;
 My grief a burden long has been
 Because I was not saved from sin.

The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am ;
 Nothing but sin have I to give—
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

176.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue—
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream : our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone :
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh, that each in the day of his coming may
 "I have fought my way through, [say,
 I've finished the work thou didst give me to
 do !"

Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the
 "Well and faithfully done ? [glad word
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne."

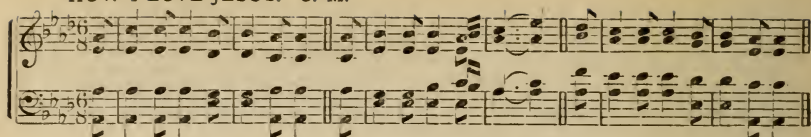
177.

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there ?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before.
 Ah ! my soul, for such a wonder,
 Wilt thou not undo the door ?

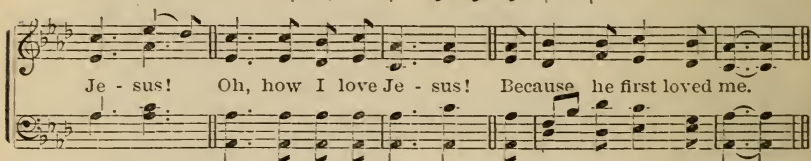
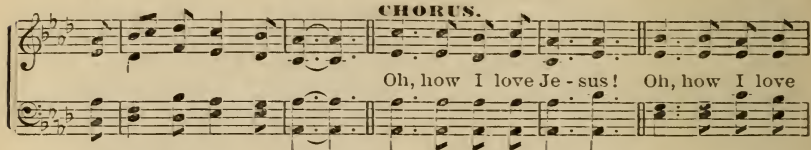
Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.

Knocking, knocking—what, still there ?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair ;
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crowned hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Savior, waiting there.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.



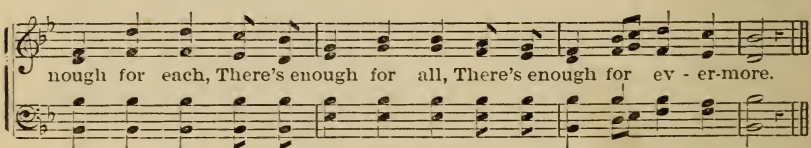
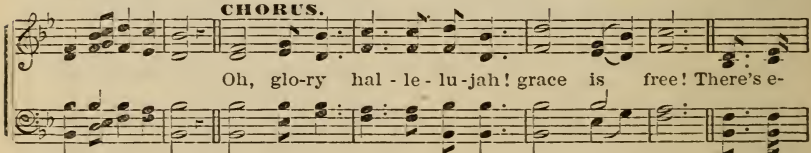
CHORUS.



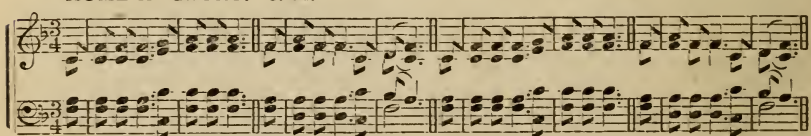
FEAST. C. M.



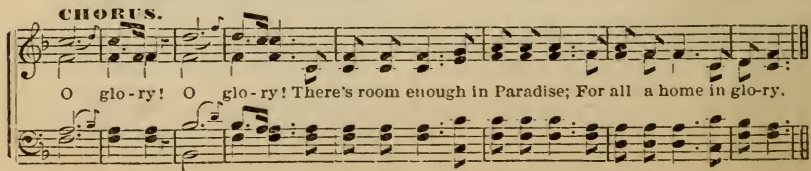
CHORUS.



HOME IN GLORY. C. M.



CHORUS.



178.

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS:—Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in;
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

179.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glittering tower the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS:—We're going home, to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Let others seek a home below
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

180.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not
heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not
cure.

Here see the bread of life; see water's flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;

Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

181.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.—||: There is rest for the weary, :||
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,

Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

182.

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS:—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

183.

O JESUS, the crucified, now I am free?
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
me.

CHORUS:—Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe in
the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the cruci-
fied One!

O Jesus, the crucified! now thou art mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine.

O Jesus, the crucified! holy and pure,
No wound hath my heart that his blood can
not cure.

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his
hand.

O Jesus! the crucified! thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King
My soul's filled with joy o'er the victory won,
And I'll triumph in death thro' the crucified
One.

184.

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there

My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest,
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

No. 186. THE BETTER DAY COMING ON.

M. L. ROSSVALLLEY, by per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art thou,

CHO. There's a bet - ter day, there's a crown-ing day, There's a bet - ter day com-ing on,
Com-ing on, . . . com-ing on, . . . Com-ing on, . . . com-ing on,

For thee all the pleas - ures of sin I re - sign }
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. }

There's a bet - ter day, there's a crown-ing day, There's a bet - ter day com-ing on.

- 2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon, being nailed to the tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 In mansions of glory, or heavenly delight,
I'll ever adore thee in regions of light;
And sing with a glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 187. BRIGHT CANAAN. L. M.

1. To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan; }
To - geth - er let us sweet - ly die, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan. }

Oh, Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan;

Oh, Ca-naan! it is my hap-py home! I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

- 2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.
- 3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.
- 4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.
- Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan, bright Canaan, etc.

188.

DROOPING souls! no longer mourn,
 Jesus still is precious;
 If to him you now return,
 Heaven will be propitious;
 Jesus now is passing by.
 Calling wanderers near him:
 Drooping souls! you need not die,
 Go to him, and hear him.

He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still he cries, "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden!"
 Though your sins, like mountains high,
 Rise and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

Precious is the Savior's name,
 All his saints adore him.
 He to save the dying came;
 Prostrate, bow before him!
 Wandering sinners! now return;
 Contrite souls! believe him!
 Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
 Worship him, receive him.

189.

WE'LL all gather home in the morning,
 On the banks of the bright jasper sea;
 We'll meet all the good and the faithful;
 What a gath'ring that will be.

CHORUS.—What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
 What a gath'ring that will be;
 What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
 What a gath'ring that will be.

We'll all gather home in the morning,
 At the sound of the great jubilee;
 We'll all gather home in the morning;
 What a gath'ring that will be,

We'll all gather home in the morning,
 Our blessed Redeemer to see;
 We'll meet with the friends gone before us;
 What a gath'ring that will be.

190.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known.
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petitions bear
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee sweet, hour of prayer.

191.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make,
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea—
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved.

Sought peace and rest;

Now thee alone I seek,

Give what is best:

This all my prayer shall be,—

More love, O Christ, to thee,

More love to thee.

192.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

193.

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought:
 O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught,
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me;

REF.—He leadeth me he leadeth me!
 By his own hand he leadeth me:
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, or troubled sea,
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

194.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow,
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,
 "There's glory on the morrow."

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever.
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home
 Forever! oh, forever!

No. 195. SAVE ME, OR I DIE.

{ Depth of mercy! can there be, Can there be, Can there be
(Mer-cy still reserved for me? (Omit) Save me, or I die.

CHORUS.

{ Dear Sav-ior, receive me; Help me to believe thee;
(No more will I grieve thee; (Omit) Save me, or I die.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 There for me the Savior stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his
God is love; I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe and sin no more.

No. 196. DELIVERANCE WILL COME. Arr. by REV. W. McDONALD, by per.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tattered garments clad, And struggling up the
{ His back was laden heavy, His strength was almost gone; Yet he shouted as he

CHORUS.

mountain, It seemed that he was sad,
journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. Then palms of vic-to-ry,

Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

- 2 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

- 3 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come.

197.

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward.
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

198.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way:
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.—Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past.
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth his spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads, I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him, whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

199.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—I; Sown in the darkness or sown in the
light,
I; Sown in our weakness or sown in
our might;
Gathered in time or in eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be!

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

200.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

When temptations, almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

201.

ONE more day's work for Jesus;
One less of life for me!
But heav'n is nearer
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

REF.—One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.

One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

202.

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

My father's house of light,—
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

203.

I HAVE a Savior, he's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, tho' earth friends
be few; [me,
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er
And oh that my Savior were your Savior too

CHORUS.—For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in
heaven, [too!
But oh that he'd let me bring you with me

I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never
knew;

My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you.

204

NOTHING but leaves! The spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

205.

WORK, for the night is coming, X—
Work thro' the morning hours:
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

206.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in His *own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time.
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in his *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

Despond then no longer: the Lord will pro-
And this be the token— [vide;
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken;
"The Lord will provide."

207.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above—
Beautiful city, that I love:
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God is light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir:
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Savior's feet,

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

208.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHORUS—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

209.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

There the glory is ever shining;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight,
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary,
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

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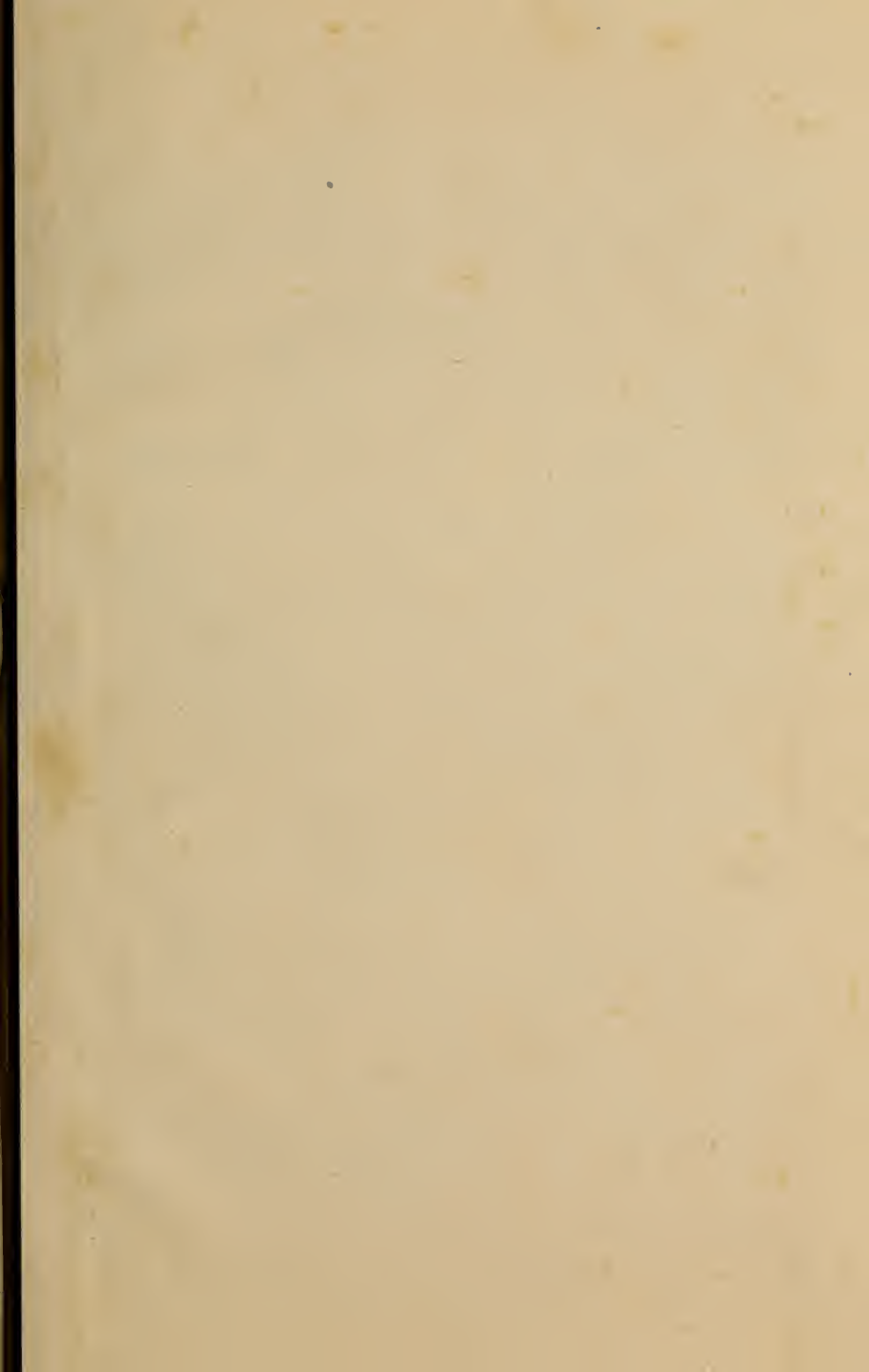
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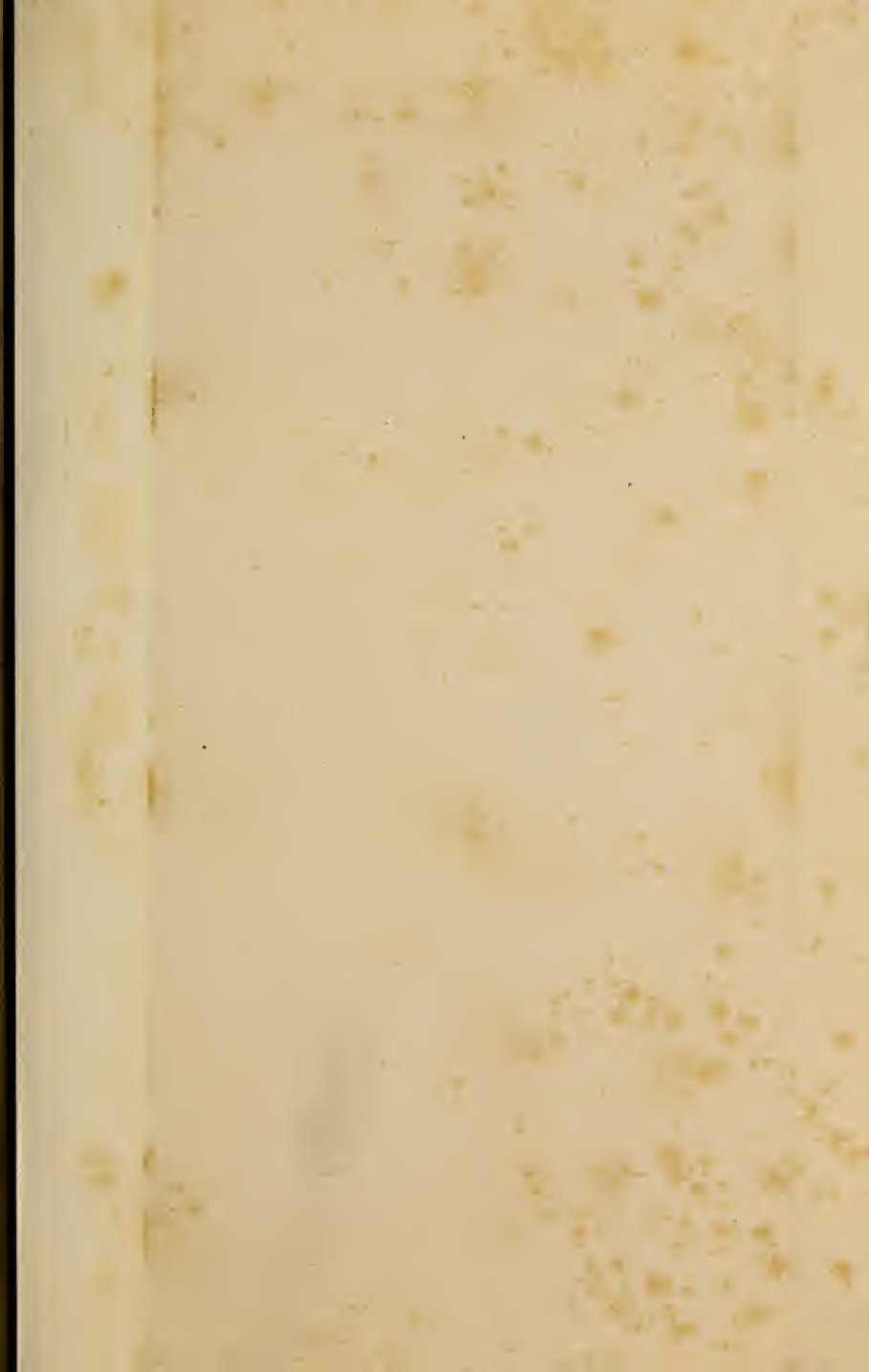
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